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A. T. OMPKINS.

THE

ROSE OF SHARON:

A

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR

M DCCC XLVIII.

EDITED BY

MRS. S. C. EDGARTON MAYO.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS, AND B. B. MUSSEY & CO.
1848.

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PREFACE.

We cannot revert to the nine years that have passed, since the bashful *debut* of our Annual, without mingled emotions of gratitude, sorrow, and satisfaction; gratitude to contributors for their aid, and to the public for its approbation; sorrow for many errors and deficiencies in the past, and for the loss of some names whose places cannot be soon filled; and satisfaction in the increase of aid from those whose promise is of a long period of literary distinction.

Some unavoidable omissions of articles have occurred in the present volume, from a lack of room; amongst which we regret several poems, and an excellent story by Mrs. Chesebro. The authors will please receive our thanks and our regrets.

In conclusion, we offer our best wishes to our readers, with the hope to meet them again in succeeding years. If our efforts have given them pleasure, their approval has, in turn, been our inspiration. May this mutual interchange of favors be long uninterrupted.

Boston, July, 1848.

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THE

ROSE OF SHARON.

THE SPIRIT LESSONED.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

A NEW candidate for immortality was announced on earth. An existence had commenced that was to outlast the stars. The material universe, the immeasurable by thought, the seemingly infinite and eternal, was to wane and die before that feeble spark, so recently kindled in a feebler tenement. Beside the cradle gleamed the proud eyes of the happy father, and thither wandered the fond looks of the pleased mother. A new fountain had been opened to those affectionate hearts, in whose overflowings as yet was mingled no bitterness. But their feelings and interest were earthly. Their love was a principle of temporary nature, an instinct wisely ordered by Heaven, and but little removed from

that which watches over the young of the irrational creation. It might become a part of the soul, a sentiment that should share its eternity; or it might be quenched in the dark floods that sweep the shores of time.

There were other forms standing by the bed of the young immortal,—beings who were allied to its higher nature, and whose interest and love had nothing to do with the Finite, except as it bore relation to the Infinite. Unseen, they gazed upon the feeble spirit, whose being was akin to theirs, and speculated upon the earthly training that should educate it to partake of the happiness and dwell in the glory that surround the blessed above. They resolved to watch it through all its developments, to see how the trials of life would assist or retard its moral and intellectual growth, how happiness and suffering would alike tend to prepare it for a more enlarged and elevated state of being.

But the gentle spirits almost shrank from their self-imposed task; for they knew that those delicate features would bloom into beauty only to be ploughed by care, and the frail frame harden into strength only that it might bear burdens, until, perchance, weary and bowed to the dust with its toils, it would gladly throw itself upon the grave for rest.

Human life, what is it but a long lesson to the spirit? All nature, all possible circumstances, all the aspirations and powers of the soul, what are they but so many agents of that heavenly lessoning? Sometimes peculiar trains of events, peculiar energies or affections, combine for that end; sometimes one powerful sentiment, or prominent circumstance, may be the prime mover of progress; or a principle, little elevated in its nature, and at first little spiritualized by condition, may become so expanded and refined, that, under the influence of the higher and purer perceptions it gathers about itself, the intellect may grow and be sanctified, until the spirit shall have passed through, as it were, the ascending grades of its transmigration below, and can learn no more until Death shall lead the way to a higher and holier teaching.

The fair spirits read the destiny of the little one. It was to be lessoned through its *affections*. By these it was to be led through the stages of its earthly training; losing, at each step, something of the material and sensual, until finally it should love the *only beautiful* — GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

The immortal Ones were sad; for they knew that, when love is the ruling star, life is often dim with tears. They knew that in sorrow, in dis-

trust and disappointment, as well as in brief intervals of joy, was to be reaped the wisdom of time and of eternity. But they had no power to change its lot; and with bowed hearts, humbly looking to the Supreme, they awaited the end.

Years went on. The child Imaline grew into strength, with the beautiful trusts, the keen delights, the eager inquisitiveness of happy childhood, surrounded by gentle influences. Her earthly guardians were under heavenly guidance; and to love them was to love truth, wisdom, and virtue. There was one whose mission was first, and the most enduring; for it wrought with the yielding mind. What mattered it that the visible tutelage was soon withdrawn? Impressions, stamped by the affections, are never effaced; and, from the world whither he was early summoned, his precepts still guided her way. The memory of the holy dead is often more powerful over the true heart, than even the living presence.

Well might the young Imaline love that teacher; for he descended from his high pursuits to imbue her mind with knowledge. He was a searcher of Nature — the finder and worshipper of God in his works — the eager questioner of all things for truth — the lover of the beautiful, the grand, and the good — the benefactor of his fellow-man — the just and honorable in all his

deeds. He gave himself to abstruse, as well as to humane science; yet, from the sanctuary of his sublime speculations, and from the gratification of his philanthropic labors, he came forth to make her his companion, that he might elevate and strengthen her mind by a communion with his own. He sought to throw no chain over her; yet he ruled, more absolutely than a monarch, every thought and desire of that young heart. He was her confidant, her sympathizer, her instructor, and ever her affectionate friend. He was the guide, but never the master; yet the child lived but in him, and saw with his eyes; and to her there was no interest or charm where he was not.

With her small hand clasped in his, she wandered with him amidst the fields, and by the brookside, or stood with him beneath the majestic utterings of the evening skies. She asked him of the flowers, and was told of God. She pointed to the stars, and on his voice the first gleams of science descended from them upon her mind. He translated their language of wisdom, of power, of immortality, and brought it to the level of her capacity, until her soul was bewildered with its grandeur, and overflowing with that inexpressible sense of the sublime and the beneficent, that solemn and awful gratitude, which

constitute *worship* in its fullest and deepest awakening. He spoke of the wisdom of the bud, and of the germ, developing itself in its dark cell; told of the mysterious processes continually going on beneath the soil, that create so much delight; and showed her how full of beauty to the eye of science are the unlovely things of nature, in their hidden recesses. He bade her look on the mute rock, the blue sky, and the calm lakelet, as her friends; and opened her ear to the tales told by the whispering pine and the gliding river. He unfolded in her soul that pure, inward life, to which her spirit fled in after years, when the outward one was overcast with clouds. In those lonely dells and smiling fields, he baptized her to the sublime and beautiful Faith that peoples the unknown Future with all the soul worships here: affection, with its tender eyes; knowledge, with its lofty brow; and happiness, that passes all understanding. He taught her that quiet self-dependence which is only known when needed; which forms for itself a refuge from care in its own glorious and unquestionable empire of mind.

To sit near him, hour after hour, and pore over some unintelligible science — to strain a feeble capacity, to comprehend his earnest teachings — to listen to his eloquent thoughts of God, his wisdom, goodness, and the immortal destination of

the soul — these were pleasures that won her from the sports of her young associates, and whose hallowed reminiscences, through all her life, accompanied her spirit; so that with the solitudes of nature she ever found companionship and delight.

And thus Imaline learned to love intellect, as she loved him, the intellectual and the loving. Thus she received the perception of a lofty ideal, and thus were kindled the first gleams of a religious hope and trust.

Then came another lesson. Sickness fell suddenly on him, so much beloved. Like the lightning bolt it fell, and the vigorous frame and noble mind were prostrate — a hopeless wreck. But Imaline was no more a child. The rose of girlhood was on her cheek, but its happy light was not in her eyes. Stern thoughts, with incubus power, sat upon her heart.

Why could not he whose mission it was to cultivate the germs of intellect, and to plant the principles of religious and moral beauty, be spared to perfect the work? Why must pain, and sorrow, and years, take up the unfinished task, and accomplish, through suffering, the great result?

So thought the pitying angels, who watched the training of the young Imaline. Those holy

sentiments, and that religious trust, were trembling in the balance against the wreck of mortality. The destiny of the teacher was falsifying his teachings. The decay of the mind was undermining all that mind had established. Well might that young spirit shrink aghast at the Power, and doubt the Goodness, that could thus smite down the intellectual, the pure, and the idolized of human love! Well might it doubt its own immortality, when a mind so strong could sink into ruins! How could it love Nature, when a requiem pealed on every gale, and strange, sad under-tones of death floated upon all its voices of joy; when the bird-note and the insect-murmur, the flutter of the rose-leaf, and the singing waterfall, uttered but a wail over the mocking and evanescent existence of man?

Meanwhile the beloved faltered, day by day. Dust was swiftly returning to dust; and, as the shadows of the mortal more thickly darkened the celestial, Imaline mournfully asked, '*If a man die, shall he live again?*' Beyond the coffin and the grave, is there no land of pleasant faces and loving hearts? Must that which is here as the breath of life, *love*, the invincible, must it pass with the failing pulse and fading eye? There is agony that cannot be spoken, when such question comes to the affectionate spirit.

Imaline turned to Nature, and its strong things said, 'We die.' She looked to the mountain, and an avalanche thundered the answer at her feet. She raised her eyes to the stars; and, while she gazed, an orb wheeled away into the unknown. She questioned again the mind — so gifted, so soaring once; and it moaned helplessly, with broken pinion trailing in the dust, and gave back to her appalled vision the lustreless glare of a dying eye. There was no voice of hope.

Then came despair. The universe lay as beneath an eternal pall. Beauty, glory, and excellence, had fled. Existence was but a mocking dream, whose brevity was its only good. There was nothing to worship, and nothing to love. Could fancy portray a sterner hell than would be *life* in a *fatherless universe?*

The young spirit quailed at every prospect. Death was near — the long-dreaded and the fearful — and his clutch was on the beloved. She felt the *misery of no hope.* She watched, she prayed in wild bewilderment, she held the medicine cup with a hand strong with utter wretchedness; but in vain! Still *he* came — the stern, the unrelenting! In vain she strove to hold *him* back. She would have offered her life-blood, drop by drop, to have purchased the briefest respite; but *he*, the commissioned, knows no bribe,

and *his* work went on. It was finished, but not in gloom. While her soul stood appalled at his presence, *he* lifted his veil, and beauty was beneath it. His brow was luminous as that of an angel; and *the question*, so long and painfully asked, was answered by *him* whom she deemed the agent of eternal sleep. Death himself had broken the silence of the universe. All things uttered joy and hope. Eternity was opened to the young spirit; and, when she stood by the pallid clay, she saw not the deserted tenement, but the enfrancised spirit far away, rejoicing in its new existence.

Thus was the young spirit confirmed in its immortality. Thus had love, the tortured and the enduring, stood by the side of death, until the life-question was solved by his lips, so radiant with the reflex of a spiritual life.

Imaline mourned no more, and the earth became full of glorious beauty. She loved Nature with even a deeper love than in her earlier days; for its every tone echoed with a solemn melody from the world of spirits. She went forth into the midnight, and each star was a bright index on the path of immortality; and, amidst that lonely magnificence, a voice broke the stillness with sounds of unearthly sweetness, and she recognized the tones of Calvary flowing down

the intervening centuries, and, on the green altar of primal worship, she knelt, and laid the thank-offerings of a soul delivered from the bondage of unbelief.

The love of the beautiful grew daily in the soul of Imaline. The outward world ministered to it; and the watching spirits feared lest the beauty that appeals to the senses should choke the moral ideal. Besides, her heart was alone. Its companionship had been withdrawn, its feelings found no sympathy. It yearned for communion with a kindred heart; and the moonlight and the joyous morning whispered to her of a love more entrancing than she had yet known — of a sympathy more freshly springing, and a union of soul with soul more full and free, than she had yet found. An ideal walked by her side in the fragrant woods, and by the blue lake; and in its dark soft eyes she read that sympathy and affection so vainly sought.

But, while the gentle spirits watched this intense craving of the vacant heart, a pure soul, inhabiting a lovely female form, drew nigh to Imaline with a sisterly love. That form was frail as the rose-leaf, and even then the blight was upon it, that was soon to shake it from its place on earth; yet that spirit was fairer and purer, with sensibilities more keenly alive to the

beautiful, than that of Imaline, and it led hers to a more enthusiastic devotion to the power of genius. They read together the page of the poet, and listened to the enchantments of song, as the wizard melody sent its dreamy fantasies flashing and sparkling over the soul. They noted each shadowing of refinement, and bound the hours, as it were, in rainbow bands. Together they worshipped at the altar of intellect and refinement; and the spirits feared that the faults of the heart were too often softened to their eyes by the roseate light of genius.

But that sister spirit soon left Imaline. Her mission was early performed, and she departed.

A cloud darkened the brows of the bright Ones, as they beheld the next lessoning.

Imaline reverenced intellect, genius, and refinement. So far, had the lessons she had received taught her spirit to lift itself from passion, vanity, and pride. So far, it had arisen from the earthly, and become etherealized and purified. But the lowly beauty of moral excellence had escaped her vision, the intellectual and refined was her dream by night and her thought by day, and through *love* the reproof and the lesson was given.

Through all her years, that ideal of her earliest dreams had never entirely vanished, though

maturer judgment had ceased to seek its embodiment by her wayside. It had taken many forms, and laid them aside, as she approached; but when it came and stood in her path, radiant with all the glory of her wildest visions, what could she do but lay her forehead in the dust, and worship? And in that adoration she was intensely happy. The outward world was shut from her eye, but in the soul there was vivid life. She only knew that her long-cherished hope was fulfilled — her life-wish granted. She only heard the soft murmurings of a love that answered to her fairest ideals. Entranced by the melodious tones, she forgot, in her delirium, that the love so delicate and graceful might have no perpetuity, and she unhesitatingly cast down her heart at its feet.

But what availed her the self-sacrifice? While that worshipping heart lay lowly thus, a light, silvery laugh rang on the air; and, turning on his heel, the *worshipped one* carelessly trampled the offering in the dust, nor stayed to see the wreck he had made. Heavily that light footstep fell upon the crushed and sensitive heart beneath, as, warbling a gay, worldly melody, the trifler passed. Then the pale worshipper arose from the dust, and gazed long and mournfully

where he had vanished, and a new light beamed upon her spirit.

She saw as she had never seen before. All things were changed in that new medium of sight. She learned, for the first time, that there was something more grand than *intellect*, and more beautiful than *graceful refinements;* that there was a *moral* ideal that transcended all else, that belonged to the soul, and would not fade in the searching sunlight of eternity. She awoke as from a dream, and found the true and the beautiful were one and the same, and with a chastened spirit turned from her idols of clay.

The watching spirits rejoiced in this emancipation. They hailed the breaking of those earthly spells which had held her from perfect rest, and looked with joy to the next lessoning.

She, to whom that mission was given, had been ever by the side of Imaline, from her earliest hours. To those who shielded her cradled slumbers were committed the most important of her lessonings: to the one, the awaking of the infant intellect; and to the other, the full developing of the moral being. This teacher was one of the meekest and purest spirits that ever dwelt in clay; full of kindness, too often unappreciated, of self-denying love, and all the gentle charities. She was no companion for the young,

dreamy enthusiast, wasting the hours in pleasant fancies. She could not minister to her love of science, or dazzle her with graceful and brilliant speculations. She reared no altar for any devotion but that of God, and listened to no voice but that of conscience and duty; but, with an humble and trusting heart, went on her way, shedding love and happiness around her, so noiselessly that the recipients knew not their source.

Weary and worn in mind and in frame, the chastened Imaline hastened to that early friend, and, kneeling at her feet, poured out her sorrow and remorse, that the gentle goodness which so long had fallen upon her restless heart, like the cool evening dew, had been without its reward. No more would she venerate the weird powers, that pierce the skies, and wring the secrets of their birth from the flower and the mineral; that compel the elements to their will, and even sway the realm of mind. She saw how selfishness may touch the lyre of the poet, give clearer vision to the telescope of the philosopher, and bubble in the alembic of the chemist. But where poverty struggled with temptation; where self-denying love watched away its little portion of nightly sleep; where conscience stood alone—guide, judge, and rewarder; where the heart

beat to God, and *God alone; there* would the face of the Lessoned One beam with an admiration, deeper, purer, warmer, than belonged to the Past.

Was she not happy? Let those answer whose *ideal* has passed through the flame, and lost its dross — those who have known one moment of perfect reconcilement with God.

The watching immortals saw that their task was nearly finished. Imaline could learn no more below, and she was not destined to be the teacher of others. Day by day the faint rose faded from her cheek, a softer light crept to her eye, and a sweeter tone was in her voice. She still wandered among the beautiful things of earth, and loved them with even more than her former love, when her earliest teacher led her to worship God in the wild. Graceful thought was still a joy, and music a luxury. Intellect still lifted her soul upon its wing, but she reposed in the quiet beauty of holiness and spirituality; and even felt that *immortality*, once so painfully prized, was valueless without similitude to God. She had learned that God and his smile were all in all; and thus she saw the shadow of the advancing grave without dismay, nay, rather with a solemn delight.

Through the last spring time and the heats of

summer, she wandered amongst beautiful solitudes, where angel communings were granted to her spirit; and she tranquilly marked the swift falling of the barriers that shut their forms from her vision.

When the dim, religious air of autumn lay upon the fading leaf and withering flower, her feeble steps would only bear her across the small room, to tend the frail geraniums, whose life was yet to outlast hers. The slant sunbeam threw its light, like a glory, upon her rich hair, as, lying on the sofa, propped with pillows, she uttered words that forbade all tears; but, when the snow fell, she lay pale and helpless on a dying couch. The fond eyes of the mother that smiled at her birth, now calmly watched her ascension to a higher existence.

The angels also awaited that moment, and rejoiced that no sin had sullied the spirit in its trials. And now, in the hour of its translation, there was nothing for them to do. They could not shed peace upon the dying, for the soul of Imaline *was at peace.* They could not open heaven to her spirit, for on earth she had known *heaven.* She was of the pure in heart; and such, it is promised, shall see God.

The last breath trembled on the delicate lip, and motion ceased in the languid frame, so gently,

that nothing in nature could image forth its surpassing tranquillity. The beautiful clay of Imaline lay deserted and dark; but the pitying spirits touched the vision of the bereaved mother, and thenceforth she was lonely no more.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

EIGHT years ago, this night, my love,
  I met thee at the village ball;
Oh fair were many maidens there,
  But thou the fairest of them all!
Like a soft breeze along the sea,
  Thy form went waving through the dance,
While I stood by as though some power
    Were holding me in trance.

Ere long a shade, yet scarce a shade,
  A twilight softness filled thine eye;
Thou from the hall didst pass, and stand
  Gazing upon the moonlit sky.
Drawn by some chain I could not see,
  I followed. We were there, alone,
In the arched alcove. Near me bowed
    A red rose, newly blown.

'Thou hast had brilliant gifts to-day,'
  I said, and plucked the glowing rose;
'Mine is the latest and the least,
  And must not be compared with those.

Take it as Nature's simple key,
  Whereby to unlock my hidden thought;
A pledge of something nobler far
    Than all the rest have brought.'

I said no more; I could not say
  How infinitely deep my love!
Thy hand drew near to take my flower—
  That little hand without its glove!
I gave the flower, I took the hand;
  Ah! the moon saw thy maiden blush!
While all around, in earth and air,
    There was a holy hush!—

A hush, as if with reverent joy
  All Nature felt the thrill of love;
And even the rude and careless wind
  Seemed lingering, half afraid to move.
Then by thine eye, and by thy hand
  That yielded tremblingly to mine,
I knew thou hadst given me thy heart,
    A priceless Valentine!

Eight years have passed; and now, again,
  St. Valentine's sweet eve hath come;
Only one little year ago
  I brought thee, dearest, to my home.
This cottage, with its ivied porch,
  Is humbler than thy father's halls;
But love hath turreted its roof,
    And gold-inlaid its walls!

And thou, as regal as a queen,
  Yet simple as a shepherd lass,
Hast made the hours, on azure wings,
  Like birds of beauty fleetly pass.
It seems a month, a week, a day,
  Scarcely an hour since thou wert mine;
Since first I called thee wife; and now
    A holier name is thine!

This morn, to crown thy deeds of love,
  Thou brought'st a Valentine to me;
A son to bear his father's name,
  But in his soul to be like thee.
Dear wife! God bless thee for the joy
  That filled thy soft eyes brimming full!
God bless thee for the blissful hopes
    That overran my soul!

But they are gone. One day hath struck
  ts fell stroke at the root of all;
How swiftly o'er the sunny fields
  Black, stormy night will sometimes fall!
Thy gift — sweet withered bud! — lies cold
  Upon thy bosom's pulseless snow;
Ye fell asleep, poor weary things,
    Full two long hours ago!

Sleep on, my birds, and take your rest;
  Your faithful watcher will not quit
His lonely vigils; nor for thee,
  Dear wife, his Valentine forget.

Here is the rose, my favorite gift;
  Oh! that I gave eight years ago
Was red, and glowing like our love:
    Shall this night's gift be so?

Oh no! it needs a white, white flower,
  For love that death hath purified!
Here let it lie, beside the bud
  Thy bosom bore, my angel bride!
Wear them till morning comes. Ah, long
  Ere morn shall break again for me!
Thou wert the star that brought the day,
    And day departs with thee!

Oh come again, some early hour,
  And wake me from this dismal dream!
Through the grey leaden clouds of sleep
  Let thy sweet voice in music stream!
Be thine the song that first shall wake
  My spirit to the eternal day!
Be thou the lark to herald in
    Its earliest morning ray!

OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

LITTLE do you know, kind reader, unless you were one of its inhabitants, the peculiarities of the old neighborhood in which your friend, the writer, first opened his eyes to the sunlight of this positive human life, and received his first impressions of human character, human frailty, and godliness. Not that all other neighborhoods have been deficient in the peculiarly attractive, experimental, and instructive; but this, you will know, was *our* neighborhood. I allow your old neighborhood to be specially endearing and sacred to you, and to those who shared with you its honors and enjoyments: allow me, and those whom I remember as companions in our old neighborhood, a similar partiality, and also your respectful attention, while I attempt to call into form, and awaken to utterance, some of the actual existences and occurrences in that place of all places at the bottom of my memory.

It was not a large neighborhood in the city, of length and width indefinable — a neighborhood of the outward only, where nobody knew who went in and out at the next door — of Yankee merchant princes and retired mechanics, whose chief business was to enjoy life in its exuberance, and see to the interest of their money. Nothing of this. It was a veritable democratic neighborhood of toiling men and women, chiefly laborers and mechanics, with just intersprinkling enough of the mercantile, for us now and then to hear conversation on the price of "West India goods and groceries," and the many calicoes and few silks of our neighborhood mothers and daughters. It was at the most thinly settled end of a pleasant seaport metropolis — the great town before, and the country behind us.

Our neighbors knew one another. Indeed they did: I must be emphatic here. Never, it seems to me, could there be a place where neighbors were so little like strangers; never a place, since that existing in old Jerusalem, where the early Christians 'had all things in common;' where such a general interchange of the commodities of life could be had — eatables, drinkables, talkables, thinkables, temporal and spiritual — as that about which my discourse hath thus unceremoniously commenced. Thousands of times

have I, in my contact with this great world's coldness, selfishness, and exclusiveness, turned back to catch some little sunray of the sociable, shining out from the mellow and receding past, as I see it there. I have always loved to linger in this past, although I have become tolerably well acquainted with the onward philosophy. Yet as there is no air like that of the morning, so there is no atmosphere of association like that of our early childhood. If we have inhaled noxious errors in it, so have we breathed the invigorating freshness of goodness and truth. Many of the impressions of early life, received in that old neighborhood, have served me since in many an emergency, and have aided in giving me the surest direction in my judgment of others, and in my action with all. Science, philosophy, religion, human character, and life, all have upon them, in my experience, hues and tintings of these early scenes. And I am convinced that this coloring will remain for all my lifetime here. Scarcely a day passes, in which I am not reminded, by the living and the actual around me, of something that pertained to the old place of my boyhood. For these reasons I am very specially induced to proceed as I have thus begun.

As I have already intimated, the location of

our neighborhood was an agreeable one. It was in the outskirts of a lovely seaport; the great fields, orchards, and woodlands of the country stretching away behind us, and before us the many roofs, and chimneys, and masts, and spires of the busy town. We were not hemmed in, nor crowded. The freshest of winds and the best of sunshine were ours. The summer skies were most agreeably blue, and I think I have never seen just such clouds as on the summer days I saw there; so fleecy, and silvery, and pure, as they slowly floated at noontime; so golden, and massive, and gloriously poetical at the sunset hour. It seems to me now, that our winter storms there came upon us with a stronger power, that the summer showers came from darker clouds, accompanied with more vivid lightning and deeper toned thunder, than all others since and elsewhere known. I may be mistaken, though it now seems just as I write. But I know that the particular sunshine of our old neighborhood was brighter than all sunshine in general has ever since appeared. It threw such an effulgence over every thing, as beams around us only once in this first stage of our new, yet interminable being. The very trees there, too,—towering and venerable elms which I dared not climb,—and pendent willows, yearly made to supply 'us

boys' with the most thrilling whistling conveniences, and the mature and bountiful fruit-trees, stand in the memory, rising above and outbranching all others. Here they still retain their fulness, though the actual shadows of some of them are evidently less. In short, all those objects of the outer vision, then and there greeting me in nature's ample world, are written in strongest and most ineffacable lines upon the tablet within. Trees, waters, fields, clouds, sun, and stars, all make out the grandest panoramic combination ever greeted, notwithstanding all subsequent gazings upon the earth's green bosom, or the shining face of the sky.

Of these outward embellishments and attractions, however, I will not now speak further. I am thinking of those who shared with me the realities of the life and times of that old neighborhood; friends or companions — men, women, children; some still living, changed, indeed, or not changed, helps or hindrances to themselves and their race, beauties or blots in life's book; some long since departed for a neighborhood less beautiful and communicative, but unto which, through all life's other neighborhoods, — on commonest highway, most ample street, or in narrowest and cosiest nook, — we are hastening.

The boys of our neighborhood are, of course,

among the first personages in order to be mentioned. And such fellows as they were! with their roguery and ugliness, and their nobleness too. I must quote Mary Howitt:

> "I 've looked and looked through street and square,
> But never chanced I any where
> To meet such boys as they."

There were some prone a little more to evil than to good; there were others in whom the good nearly always bore rule. I know it was so, no matter what any mortal theory may say. I am talking here of what I know. There were the profane, and the brazen and impudent, and some who would most greedily lie a little or much; the annoying, too, and the quarrelsome ones, whose heels were no sooner out of one trouble than their heads were in another, and not unfrequently glorying in their shame; truants, and lifters of hands against schoolmaster authority, and rebels against their loving parents at home; all such were in that boyish community. But this shading had its relief in the lights of character among us. There were sterling virtues in those young souls; greater thoughts of justice, and truth, and goodness, than many full-grown and boasting men then had and now have; some more actually shrewd ones than many of larger experience in the shuf-

fling of this deceptive world; some more religious in heart and action, than not a few of the most confirmed saints I have since known, of frequent prayers and very distinguished professions. I never shall forget that genial-souled and sunny-faced Harry Hutton, whose presence in any quarrel was a sure sign of peace, and who never had an enemy among the boys for one hour who was not ashamed, and perhaps trying to turn away from himself with teary eyes about it the next. And there was Edward Solway, the son of a thriving mechanic, always pitying the poor boys, and so often telling them what he would do for them if he were rich, — a trait upon which he has improved since he grew older; and that queer and crazy Ed Willer, full of fun and mischief unmentionable, causing perplexity to older folks, and raising successive storms around his own head, by his aggravating pranks with his equals; yet loved by all for his affectionate attachments, his adventurous spirit, and his unwearied exertions to make happy a younger sister, who was an unfortunate cripple. I remember none of the boys who had not some virtue about them. The most rascally truant of the multitude was one of the wittiest and most social creatures living. He would make you his friend, if you had resolved ever so strongly to

hate him. He seemed to have a secret horror of a school-room, and so shunned it. Though he never had much book-learning, he grew up to be a better man in his way than most of us thought we had reason to expect. There were those, it is true, who have more black marks than white ones in this memory against them. Yet either death has evened the score, or we are now and then hearing something of good from those of the most wayward living; little evidences incidental among myriads of others, in the face and eyes of the acrimonious denouncer of our terrestrial tribes, that this is not so bad a world after all.

And now more room for some distinguished cases of character, among the elderly portion of our community. I have said we were unusually communicative there. Social intercourse had no rigid restrictions. News went among us like electricity. Could just such a neighborhood belt our great globe, it would answer every purpose of the magnetic wires. So that to me the modern magnetic telegraph is no new idea. I was long since a part of this idea.

Our family virtues, grievances, peculiarities, were necessarily known to each other. When mothers shouted at the tops of their voices for their screaming and frolicking boys, they usually

told them, with strong emphasis and as a surer warranty of their return, just what they were wanted for. Business thus proclaimed was, of course, common property. And so were most of the transactions of our neighborhood household. All the relations of all the families were distinctly known to us, and nearly every striking peculiarity in the histories and characters of them all. There was in this a singular illustration of one passage of the New Testament: "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, nor secret that shall not be made known." Many of the conscientious and pious of our neighborhood seemed to live as though this were a binding direction, kept always before them.

As might be supposed, we were troubled with tattling. Amidst this constant operation of the gabbling machinery, how could you expect secrets to be kept? The thought of such a thing in our neighborhood would have been like supposing it possible for a swift sailor to go over Niagara, and come out five miles below it in perfect safety. Why, we had one middle-aged matron living not far from our door, whose very breath was all in words — who literally talked without cessation, save when swallowing and sleeping. She was our gazette, primer, almanac, hymn-book, and sometimes bible; a match-maker,

accident-chronicler, weather-prophet, doctress, and scold. Her own husband, when in irritable mood, had been known to affirm that she needed but three minutes' time in fair trial to talk the legs off the andirons, or stop the clock. "No secrets kept," seemed to be her life motto; and, were she now living, Free Masonry and Odd Fellowship would have some fresh *exposé* from her free tongue. But that tongue long ago spoke its last words; and these were uttered, not concerning her own interests temporal or spiritual, but in reference to the affairs of her neighbors. Philanthropic to the last, she would know how this cold world was using them. I have often, since her living day, inwardly and silently thanked this voluble matron for one lesson, which, speaking by example, she taught me: this was, not to forget to inquire about my neighbors, and to know who they are; a lesson, the first syllable of which great multitudes of our growing and boasting race have not yet learned.

Speaking of talkers reminds me of another of our neighbors, whose tongue, of nature akin to that one just noted, was, morning, noon, and into a very considerable night-time, in motion. Mr. James Jenkins, called by our most barbarian urchins, who generally ruled in nicknames, Mr. Jim Jenks, was the man here alluded to. He

was one of those individuals into whose constitution there is infused about the largest portion of the virtue of self-preservation. He seemed determined that he and his should live and flourish

> 'Among the few immortal names
> That were not born to die;'

Marco Bozzarises or not. And so he talked the thing up in the most genuine Yankee way. His sons, the ugliest villains of the neighborhood, were each remarkable for some excellent trait, in their father's description; and nothing would so confuse or confound him as any charge brought against them. His long family yarns were the terror of the driving business-men of the neighborhood; one of whom, I was told (it may not be true), had his coat made without buttons, to prevent Jenkins holding him by one of them in conversation. I have thought since,—often, indeed, when I have witnessed attempts at a similar infliction, — that certain doomed listeners to a very conversational neighbor would wish their coats buttonless. Jenkins died when I was a lad of seven or eight; but I have met him often since. Scarcely three months go by, in which I do not somewhere and somehow run plump against Mr. Jim Jenks. I know him, though he

may have changed his age, his countenance, his voice, and his name. It is he — the swell!

One of the most remarkable characters in our old neighborhood was Mr. Columbus Climax. Meagre, indeed, must be the description of this man in the hands of any writer, and surely in mine. Such an instance of human individualism, I solemnly believe, this planet called earth has never yet seen. I have read many authors, ancient and modern, and some future ones I presume; but never in any of them have I seen or heard hinted a representation that could quite come up to this royal son of self-glorification and patriotism unbounded.

The name of Columbus Climax indicated the man. He was wholly Columbian. His love of country was stronger far than any other passion by which he was moved. Whatever he did, was not so much for himself as for his country. His personal and family duties were all done for his country. For his country he went forth in the morning to labor, and returned in the evening to rest. For his country he loudly talked, and sometimes swore a little, and now and then, too, readily and bravely applied

'Hot and rebellious liquors to his blood.'

There were some family jars said to have been

instigated by him, some outbreaks with his less patriotic and more quiet neighbors, and a few unhappy occasions, termed by certain legalized guardians of the public good, disturbances of the peace, all for his country. No hour in the day or the night could you find him, when he was not ready to enter into the most extensive meditations for his country's good.

The early education of neighbor Climax had not been thorough. The grammar, rhetoric, and logic of books, he had not learned. Yet his originality, patriotism, and oratorical powers, made up in a good measure the deficiency. He never lacked words. He never needed dictionaries. He manufactured the one, and defied the other. Our boys often repeated his unique speeches; and all of us who now live will have them green in memory, while any thing of the old neighborhood is there.

He had a passion for oratory. His exterior and interior seemed decidedly oratorical. He had a most imperturbable countenance. No lion could outlook him, especially when his green glasses were on. He stood erect nearly six feet in his large shoes; and, while he essayed to speak on that grandest of all topics, — our country, — his very coat-skirts seemed out-moving with inspiration. On two "glorious Fourths,"

and on one Washington's birthday, did he deliver himself of this gift that was in him; and never shall we youngsters forget some passages in these unrecorded harangues. His sublime exordium at the erection of a Liberty pole is unsurpassed: "Friends and fellow-citizens, I congratulate you this morning on the salubrity of the weather!" Rich and rare were his comparisons and illustrations; and great was the entertainment these orations gave to the less speechy, but more mischievous, of our citizens.

And now I cannot recall this individual without seeing most distinctly what I was then too young to perceive, that Columbus Climax was a "representative man;" the bold outline and embodiment of a certain class at this moment occupying more exalted stations than he, and getting far better pay, too, for their patriotism. In political caucuses, mass meetings, state legislatures, or national congresses, such patriots are seen and heard; all devotion to their country, talking, fuming, voting; seeking and accepting office, by speedy movements or after long delays; taking pay, glorifying party, full of the Revolution, Liberty, and Posterity, all for the country! Veritable Columbuses, every man of them; chuckling over their good luck in acquiring a political consequence, and ready, in consideration

of it, to congratulate their fellow-citizens "on the salubrity of the weather!"

I must not, in this grouping, omit to bring before the reader one of our most illustrious women, who lived on the hill-side, in a small though substantial-looking house, with one chimney in the centre, and a honey-suckle running up over the red front door. She was in comfortable circumstances when I knew her, supported by an industrious husband. I used to admire aunt Backus (she was everybody's aunt), and so did most of the folks in our neighborhood; though she was somewhat unpopular at times, for reasons which will be very readily seen as we proceed in this description. I admired her for the information she possessed, and was able to impart. She was a miscellaneous library, having read every thing within her reach from her youth up. It was from her, I remember, that I first learned about the ancient philosophers. She would relate to us boys, who would sometimes call in at her doors towards evening, or on Saturday afternoons, their histories. So that we became very early familiar with the names of Solon, Bias, Periander, Anaxagoras, Democritus, Socrates, Plato, Diogenes, and the whole string of kindred ones, whose shrewd and original sayings and doings, related

by aunt Backus, were always greeted with our opened mouths and eyes. Of all novels she had ever read, none seemed to her like Ann Radcliffe's. Though she had once gone into hysterics on reading the "Mysteries of Udolpho," this did not lessen her opinion of the author. 'Read Ann Radcliffe;' she often said to me; 'she is the grandest of all novelists.' I have never followed her advice, willing rather to take aunt Lydia's word, in proof of Ann's wonderful virtues as a novel-writer.

The good woman of whom I have thus spoken had what we should term 'a mind of her own.' She never would say 'yes,' because everybody else said so; nor admire a fashion, because all the rest of the neighborhood were in favor of it; nor agree to an opinion, domestic, moral, or political, because that was the general opinion. 'A fig for your general opinion!' she would say; 'what's that to do with the right of the thing? How do you know it's the right opinion? Just answer that particular, and then talk about the general.' She was a poser to all mere imitators and second-hand folks. They could do nothing with her, vexed though they would sometimes get; and then she would laugh at them most significantly. I remember how she worried Esquire Humdrum, as our fippenny lawyer was

called. He was a red-hot politician, and was always blazing away in high political times, against all heretics in political opinion. She always took opposite grounds, when she met the redoubtable Esquire; not that she cared about party politics, but because she understood first principles and loved truth; two qualifications which were never, to our knowledge, charged upon this limb of the law. Aunt Lydia had, moreover, the true spirit of a reformer. I heard her denounce war, and prove it too detestable a sin to be indulged in by a civilized people, and slavery as one of the foulest blots on our nation, long before I ever read a peace tract, or heard of an abolitionist society. She had divers contentions with the knowing ones of our neighborhood, and of other neighborhoods, who were free to encounter her; but she seldom failed to have not only the last reply, but the last argument.

I can never think, without admiration, of her decision of character, and of her readiness to impart whatever she knew. I believe I learned, in her old entry-way, to be a 'woman's rights' man. I can never hear this ineffably small talk about 'woman stepping out of her sphere,' so flippantly used by some of our exquisite conservatives, who dignify all our reforms by the appel-

lation of 'noodleism,' without wishing them for about one half-hour in the free hands of aunt Lydia, and myself within hearing distance. I should be willing, I think, to risk consequences, and pleased to note them. But the honest mother and neighborhood aunt has departed. I have enjoyed profitable thoughts beside her modest grave-stone. I believe she did me good. God bless her memory! I wish there were many more memories of a similar nature to be so blessed. The old world needs such plain, straightforward benefactors.

We had all kinds of religionists in this neighborhood. The town was particularly rich in its number of sects; and they were about all represented in this part of it. I have often called to mind some of the many theological and moral discussions which first greeted my ears. I used to get puzzled with the fact, that some who were very furious zealots for their meetings, their minister, and their religion, were not specially noted for their generosity and charity. They were quite as irritable, close-fisted, and unneighborly at times, as those whom they were conscientiously bound to consider 'of the world.' And then another fact served to render this religious test question more inexplicable: some of the religious heterodox were among the most

benevolent members of our neighborhood society. I well remember the instance of neighbor John Smith (a positive name), whose sympathy for 'the fatherless and widows,' and others 'in their afflictions,' was very hard to be reconciled with the fact, that 'he did not believe hell would be without end hereafter,' and had repeatedly taken the ground that good moral men would go to heaven! Yet there it was: his neighborly kindness and active charity could not be mistaken. Once I saw him in the house of a poor widow, whither I had been sent on an errand. She was in very destitute circumstances, with a number of small children dependent on her willing hands for support. He had come to cheer and to aid her. I saw him put money into her hands, while there were tears in his eyes. A day or two before, I had heard that same good neighbor express her fears that Mr. Smith had no religion, and could not get to heaven. I never heard her say so afterwards. And I could not help musing many times, when this occurrence came up in mind, on the question of religion without benevolence. Others, I knew, had their hymns and raptures. This man seemed to act as though he believed what I have since found expressed in the language of Bishop Taylor, that 'God is pleased with no music

from below, so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.'

These are a few sketches of the old neighborhood where I first knew life, and in which I learned some of the rudiments of a subsequent experience. To dwell longer upon the peculiarities of character among its inhabitants might not interest the reader so much as it would me. I only add, that I shall never forget my last recreation with the boys here. We had an extensive play-ground, and traversed it well that evening; the bright stars shining down upon us, and our throbbing hearts and merry voices keeping time and tune to their blessed inspiration. There were faces looking into mine then, that I never afterwards thus beheld, and never can thus greet again, save in fondest memory. We talked about our separation as gravely as older men, and I know we felt much more intensely about it. Our little bickerings were all hushed, and our animosities buried; and we vowed to remember one another, like good fellows, wherever in the wide world we should wander. Some of our vows have been well kept; others have been lost in the wonderful vicissitudes of life and death. Peace to the old and consecrated

ground! Other feet now tread, and other living hearts now beat, above it. May the green trees and blue skies never look down upon a worse generation there, than that of which this brief and simple record has been made!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! The moon has set;
The nightingale is still;
The deep brook, only, murmurs
Beneath the green old hill.
Good night!

Good night! Sweet dreams be thine;
And I will glide therein,
Like a loving, smiling spirit,
Thy heart to woo and win.
Good night!

Good night! To-morrow's morn
We shall meet again, in love;
And, till then, the God of heaven
Will guard thee from above.
So, good night!

GOOD NIGHT.

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GOOD NIGHT.

THE
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDA

THE TRAVELLING PAINTER.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

It was a lovely morning in spring, when two young children went out hand in hand to the clover-fields. They sat down among the crimson balls that were crested with butterflies and humble-bees, and filled their young senses with the fragrance of flowers, the murmuring of winds and streams, and all the sights of beauty and sounds of melody that come borne on the wings of blissful May.

'Henry,' said the little girl, after they had been sitting silent for several minutes, 'do you know that Madame Raumer has been teaching me to make wax-flowers?'

'No,' said the boy: 'show me some of them; will you?'

'When we go home. I was thinking how prettily I could copy some of these clover-heads in wax; and that, perhaps, I would make one for you to look at when you are away.'

'Do, Laura; that is a dear girl; and I will keep it always to remember you by.'

'You will have others to think of when you are gone.'

'Oh! no; I never shall, Laura; I shan't like anybody so well as I do you. And how much I shall think about the brook, and the bridge, and birds; and about the old school-house, and the seat where you sit, always studying so hard! How I wish I was as good a scholar as you are, Laura!'

'Well, you can be, Henry, if you will apply yourself, as the master says. You know you are very easy to learn.'

'Mother says she is afraid I learn more mischief at school than I do good. Father says, when we get to Boston he shall put me into the Latin school, to fit me for college; and there, I suppose, I shall have to study. But don't let us talk about such tiresome things now. Don't you hear the gold robin! Good gracious! how he sings! Look at him, Laura, up there on the elm-tree. How his yellow breast shines among the red blossoms! Now, if he is the first one you have seen this year, take off your shoe, and you will find a hair in it just exactly the color your husband's will be!'

'Do you believe so? I will try it,' said the

little girl; 'but I know it 's a fib.' Off came the shoe; and, while the bright young eyes were searching for the treasure, Henry slily pulled one from his own head, and dropped it in.

Laura laughed, and blushed a little as she blew it away. 'There is none here,' she cried; 'so that if I ever have a husband, he will be an old bald-pate! Now try yours, and let us see what kind of hair your wife will have. I should laugh if you were to find a bristle, or a thread of tow!'

Henry obeyed; and, as he did so, Laura plucked a tuft of fur from his cap, and threw it into the shoe. 'What kind of hair is that?' cried Henry.

'A mink's! a mink's!' shouted Laura in great glee, clapping her hands.

'Ah! you know you are a *minx* yourself, or you would never have thought of such a thing!' said Henry, playfully pulling her ear; and so, if I ever have a wife, it will be you, you minx!'

In this way sported the gay-hearted children, till the sun had borne the shadow of the elm-tree far away from them, and left them scorching in its blaze. They then reluctantly obeyed the call of the school-bell, that was now ringing from the neighboring valley.

A few days later in the week, Mr. Campbell,

the father of our little Henry, removed with his family to Boston; and, for many long years succeeding, the acquaintance of our young playmates was wholly interrupted. Henry, becoming more fond of books as he grew older, entered college at an early age; where, for two years, he pursued his studies with great success. At that period his father died, and left him penniless; so that he was reduced to the necessity of teaching school through the winters, to defray his remaining expenses; a necessity that weakened the energies of his body, as much as it increased those of his spirit.

Meanwhile Laura, in the midst of ease and luxury, grew up gentle, elegant, and refined; yet, from want of circumstances to embolden her, her manners acquired an extreme timidity and reserve, which very few persons had the art to overcome, and still fewer the sensibility to trace to their real cause. So, in her perfect simplicity and humility, she acquired the reputation of being proud; and was met by her acquaintances with a ceremonious coldness that increased her own reserve, without rendering her sensible of it.

She had a sister, Isabel, younger than herself, who, to the extremest beauty, added an irresistible attractiveness of manner; so that one sister

was as popular and as universally sought, as the other was misunderstood and avoided. Isabel, though a generous, kind-hearted girl, had no sensibility to annoy and confuse her. Always at ease, always self-possessed, she was always happy herself, and in a condition to render others so; but of true spiritual greatness, beyond the kindly impulses of a frank and easy nature, she possessed and understood but little. She, as little as others, appreciated the superiority of Laura's nature: she loved and pitied her, for she knew that she was good, and she saw that she often suffered; but *why* she suffered, or wherefore she was so timid, it required a different nature to comprehend.

In almost every graceful accomplishment, Laura excelled. Isabel was a more successful dancer, not because she had a finer figure or an easier motion, but because she had more confidence to display them. But in any thing requiring taste, or skill, or intellectual power, few could compete with Laura. Her rarest success, however, was in wax modelling; an art she had practised with assiduity from early childhood. She could imitate flowers to a degree of almost perfect deception; and she kept a little conservatory of them, consisting of wild flowers and exotics, that might have deceived Flora herself.

She also modelled human figures with much skill, and had a bust of her sister that was exquisite.

In such elegant and refining pursuits grew up our secluded heroine, if that name may be applied to one who had so few opportunities of displaying heroic qualities. There was one being alone who fully understood and loved her; and how sweet for her to feel there was one, and that one so near to her — her father!

Mr. Huntingdon had lost his wife when their children were young; and, being in the possession of a competent fortune, and of habits naturally studious and retiring, he devoted himself chiefly to the company of his little girls. He had learned their characters thoroughly; and though both were perhaps equally dear to him, he could not be insensible to Laura's real superiority. In proportion as she was less understood and regarded by the world, so proportionally dear and interesting did she become to him. It was his delight to gratify her tastes, and give scope to her talents. If a teacher was wanted in any branch of science or art, one with the highest qualifications was immediately procured. Books, music, models of art, every thing that could assist in her culture, were gathered in profusion around her. Of these favors she was

not regardless. The gratitude she felt was best shown in the progress she constantly made, and in the silent, deep, and ever-active love which she entertained for the good man to whom she owed so much.

One day Laura and Isabel were sitting together — the latter engaged upon a piece of elegant embroidery, and Laura at her favorite employment of copying a flower in wax. The huge brass knocker resounded through the hall, and a servant soon entered, to inquire if the young ladies wished to have their portraits painted.

'By a travelling artist!' cried Isabel, laughing. 'Some sign-painter, I suppose.'

'Ask him in, Susy; I should like to see his pictures,' said Laura.

The artist soon entered. He was a young man, about twenty-two, small in stature, and of delicate appearance, possessing the common organization of a true artist. He was almost meanly clad, yet his attire was not ungraceful. It might have been the mere undress of a traveller, but more probably was the best that the poor painter's wardrobe afforded. A loose linen tunic, or blouse, concealed his form, and in his hand he carried a broad-brimmed Panama hat. His hair, of an almost brilliant red, yet rich, dark, and

beautiful, fell in irregular curls about his neck and ears. Such was, in simple, his outward appearance. He saluted the young ladies respectfully, and with an air of slight timidity. 'Claude Argyle, at your service, ladies — a poor painter.'

'It would give us pleasure to look at your pictures, sir,' said Laura, approaching, and offering him a chair.

The painter bowed, and removed the covering from three pieces which he had brought in his hand. The first which he displayed was a head of Christ, — a conception of his own, he modestly remarked, — in which he had preserved the beautiful and unimprovable form adopted by the old artists, but to the face of which he had given an expression more radiant, more humorsome, yet not less sweet and tender.

Laura, though struck at first by the merit of the execution, did not immediately admire this expression. It did not accord with her idea of the 'Man of Sorrows.'

'That,' she said, turning frankly toward the artist, 'is not the Christ of the desert, of Gethsemane, of Calvary.'

'Why not?' replied he, smiling with something of the expression of his own painting. 'He is not, it is true, under the terrible influ-

ences of those occasions. If he were, what should hinder him from expressions of the same agony? Is the man who is capable of the most heartfelt humor, incapable of the extremest sorrow? Is he not rather the one most keenly to suffer? I do not like the impression generally conveyed to us, that Christ was a melancholy being; and in this piece I have studiously aimed to give him a different character, though I trust not an inconsistent one. It is the man who could rejoice with those who rejoiced, as well as weep with those who wept; — the man who looked on human nature from a humorous as well as from a mournful point of view.'

'I believe you are right,' said Laura, 'though it did not at first so strike me. Christ must have been a type of the universal man. His nature must have been complete. Why should he not sometimes have laughed at human weaknesses? — laughed in a pitying, loving spirit, yet with a full sense of their ludicrous aspect? I can conceive this Christ to have done so, and in truth he seems the more lovely and holy for it. The painting gains upon me strangely, as I look at it. Have you painted many of such merit?'

'My compositions are few, and of dissimilar styles. Perhaps this is the best thing I have done, but it is not my favorite. That I will

presently show you — but first please look at this piece.'

It was the portrait of a most beautiful female, the expression of whose countenance was elevated, and radiant with enthusiasm.

'That is not a portrait, certainly,' cried Isabel: 'no real woman was ever so beautiful!'

'Pardon me from differing from you,' said the young painter, bowing to the lady with a look which seemed to say, 'Such a one is even now before me.'

'Then it *is* a portrait?' inquired Laura, half doubtingly.

'It is a faint picture of my lady-love,' said Argyle, with a smile.

'Then you may well be proud of her,' answered Laura; 'for so sweet and noble a face as that, even my fancy never gazed upon.'

'Her name is Art,' said the painter. 'And here, ladies, is my favorite — a fancy sketch, of simple pretensions.'

'A pretty child,' cried Isabel; 'but I wonder you can prefer it to that radiant lady-love of yours — don't you, Laura?'

Laura did not reply. She was gazing with an earnest, yet half-absent look, upon the artist's favorite. It was the figure of a little girl in a peasant's garb, who, with one hand full of butter-

cups and clover-blossoms, stood resting against a style in the woods, apparently absorbed in dreams. The face had not the usual beauty of childhood, but a grace far higher and more enchanting. Laura had a strong feeling come over her, that she had once been familiar with such a vision; that it had burst upon her from the stillness of the shaded pools, and looked up at her from among beds of lilies upon the lake, and even haunted her at the bottom of the old well at the school-house. So many memories came to her while gazing at the picture, that picture and painter were alike forgotten. She stood like one in a trance, with her hands clasped and her head bent forward, as though listening to the murmur of the brook that gushed along at the peasant girl's feet. The painter also stood silent, earnestly observing the figure of the spectator, and seeming to share her visions. At length Laura raised her head, and their eyes met. A start, a blush, a quickened pulsation of the heart, agitated her frame for a moment; but a brief reflection satisfied her that she had been dreaming — that she still dreamed.

'And is this really the vision of a painter's brain?' she exclaimed. 'It seems like a passage out of my own history. It is so with all great works of art. Do we not find our inner

lives written in every enduring book? It is the mission of genius to portray, not one man's heart, but all men's — the universal consciousness. What woman would not see her own childhood in that innocent, open brow, that unstudied attitude, those sweet, unclouded dreams? And, seeing, where is the heart that would not turn back, far back, to those early days and heavenly visions?'

Laura had spoken, not as one speaks from meditation, not with the studied oratory of one who would be admired — *she* was the last person to think of that — but she spoke as those souls speak that never gush forth, except at the touch of a kindred genius; whose utterance is from sudden inspiration; who, when that is gone, wonder at themselves, and are ashamed. So Laura felt, when a moment after she turned to Isabel, and saw upon her face a half-smile of surprise and ridicule, which her enthusiasm had excited. She felt that her excitement had been foolish; that to talk in this style to a stranger, a travelling artist, was like a fit of girlish sentimentality; and she would have retreated immediately, had not the painter, who observed and fully understood the cause of her embarrassment, called her attention to another subject.

'You have expressed so much approbation of

my poor efforts,' he said, 'that you embolden me to solicit your patronage. I confess the privilege of painting the portraits of you ladies, is an object of much desire to me; that it will give me a reputation in this village, and a popularity which I cannot claim from my real merits as an artist.'

Laura — who, it will be observed, was on this occasion the chief speaker, notwithstanding her usual reserve — replied that they should be very glad to assist him in any way, but that it would be necessary for them first to consult their father, who was then absent for a few hours. If he would leave one of his pictures till evening, and then call on them again, they should be ready to reply to his proposition.

The painter thanked her warmly; and, placing the picture of the peasant girl against the wall, bowed low, and departed.

Laura — notwithstanding the raillery of Isabel, who, struck with her sister's unusual familiarity and enthusiasm, could not help suspecting that the artist had awakened some peculiar interest in her hitherto untouched heart — seized upon the picture as soon as the artist left, and hurried to her room. Some unaccountable fascination seemed to radiate from the soft face of that child, which she could no more resist than she

could resist the power of an enchanter's spell. It seemed to open to her a long arch-way back into some former existence; a passage through which she went eagerly, though gropingly, led on by gleams of distant light, and called to by dim and hollow voices far off in the shadowy Past. A full hour she sat, gazing immovably upon the picture, conscious of nothing but of olden days; of happy wanderings by voiceful streams, of flower-hunts in the meadows, and the smell of full-blown cowslips, dipping their golden discs in the waves. The butter-cups in the hand of the painted child were the very same that grew on the little island in the brook, where Henry had laid the broad plank, and built a little frame for the clematis to climb upon; none others were ever so large and shining; none others had the double row of petals within. The brain of the child herself seemed full of the same dreams that used to haunt her own imagination; and her heart felt, though her reason could not assert, the identity of that sweet image with her own early and happy childhood.

She was aroused, at length, by the voice of her father, at his return; and, hastening below, she had soon interested him in the story of the artist, and drawn him to her room, to look at the wonderful picture. Mr. Huntingdon was almost

as much struck as Laura, and immediately recognized and remarked upon the resemblance which she herself had unconsciously detected.

'If this be really a fancy picture,' said he, 'the soul of genius resides in this man, beyond any other I ever knew; for what but genius of the highest order could create from immaterial fancies a being so human and so fair! What but genius could paint my Laura from a dream! I must know the history of this artist. If he be condemned by poverty and obscure circumstances to travel from house to house, wasting his talents on every insipid face that presents itself, I will try at least what I can do for him. You and I are not rich, Laura; but we have something yet left for art. This young man shall paint us all; and the Peasant Girl, too, shall be ours, if he will sell it; for it gives me back my little dreamy Laura, while at the same time I have her as a noble, educated, active woman.'

Laura was now happy, and still more so after an interview between her father and the painter, in which she found the former so much delighted with his new acquaintance. The painter showed something in his soul, beyond the merely professional. The cant of art formed no part of his character. His culture was free and liberal. Not too learned, nor too speculative for his

years, he displayed a strong and enlarged basis for the erection of future wisdom. He understood the mysterious union existing between art and all other knowledge; how all life, from the universe without and the universe within, flows into and permeates it with its own beauty. And so, with a conscientious and religious earnestness, he was striving to let into his soul light from every point of wisdom; to receive, as far as one soul might, the universal radiation. With such a character the studious nature of Mr. Huntingdon was well pleased, and Laura found in him a soul formed after her own spiritual model.

When Mr. Huntingdon expressed to him his surprise that, with his genius and education, he should spend his time in travelling through a country where people were so poorly qualified to appreciate and patronize his art, he replied that his object was not so much practice as the recovery of his health, much impaired by a life too sedentary and intellectual; — that he hoped to gain a double advantage from it, in the scope and variety which it would give to his future efforts, should he conclude to devote himself to art as a profession.

'And what!' cried Laura, 'is it possible you

can have a doubt upon that subject — you, who seem made for it?'

'You exaggerate my powers,' said the painter, with an air of sincerity that proved his modesty unaffected: 'by patient study and effort I could undoubtedly succeed as an artist, possibly attain an honorable rank; but to make it the profession by which I am to obtain my livelihood, must I not, in a country like this, do it to the sacrifice of all enlarged and liberal culture? Must I not submerge the scholar in the mere limner, and spend in the drudgery of art those years which should be devoted to its worship and glorification? You will think I talk proudly, for a poor, rambling painter; but even my humble gift seems to me a sublime and sacred thing that Mammon should not profane.'

'But if you choose some other profession, you must neglect this; and were it not better that it should even drudge than stagnate?'

'God helping me, I will not neglect it. But I would cultivate it nobly, if possible; and I do not speak too proudly when I say, that I am willing to suffer in outward poverty, if I can luxuriate in inward wealth.'

Laura made no reply. She felt the noble spirit of the painter penetrate to her innermost sympathies. She thought of her own compe-

tence, and wished it were all laid at the feet of the artist, though she were herself suffering for a penny. One may suppose this generous emotion could proceed only from a deep and tender interest; that even the most self-sacrificing woman is not eager to suffer for an indifferent object. However, Laura did not analyze her feelings: she was busy enough thinking of Claude Argyle.

The painter was provided with a home in Mr. Huntingdon's family, while engaged upon their portraits. He painted the father's first, and the likeness and execution were faultless. Isabel was the next sitter; and, though her exquisite complexion and radiant smiles mocked the power of the highest art, yet her picture satisfied those who most loved her; and the painter satisfied her by declaring, that only God himself could copy a beauty so inimitable.

But now his art failed him — his success left him; he spoiled three pictures for Laura, and each last was worse than the preceding. He was excessively mortified; Mr. Huntingdon was surprised; Isabel laughed, and whispered sly words in Laura's ear; Laura herself was embarrassed, and insisted upon his giving up the trial; soothing him by every excuse flattering to his skill, and calumnious to her own beauty.

After the third trial, Argyle proposed to absent himself for a few days, that he might return to his task with recruited energies. Laura gladly seconded this design, and yet he had not been two hours gone before she regretted his absence. They had been much together for the preceding fortnight; and in all her studies and tastes he had shown a sympathy and appreciation, as delightful as it was new to her. That day, when she took up her book, she regretted that Argyle was not there to read to her. The subject had lost its interest; in short, so had all her occupations. She threw books aside, and took her wax. Only one vision filled her fancy. The plastic material yielded itself to her dream. An exquisite medallion likeness grew beneath her touch. Over this she wrought, enchanted; leaving it only when surprised by some one's approach. Isabel longed for the painter's return, that she might again have the company of her sister. She, only, seemed conscious of the mystic web that was being woven around those artist souls. She could not understand the heavenly purity of its texture; but she saw and made sport of its operations.

Argyle returned at the close of the third day. He entered the apartment where Mr. Huntingdon was seated with his daughters; and his face,

no longer clouded by chagrin, beamed with a lively pleasure.

'I have retrieved my own self-respect, and I trust, also, your favor,' said he, presenting a sheet of canvass, from which Laura's very person itself seemed starting into motion and speech.

An exclamation of wonder and delight burst from Mr. Huntingdon and Isabel; but the painter heeded only Laura, who, with her heart sinking and beating within her, had involuntarily hid her face in her handkerchief.

'Heaven bless you, my dear fellow,' cried Mr. Huntingdon, grasping Argyle's hand, 'for giving me such a perfect picture of such a darling girl! I prize it above all my possessions, next to the dear girls themselves! But how could you do this so miraculously when away, yet fail when present?'

Argyle blushed a little at this question, but replied, 'Nothing is more common, sir. I will warrant that no poet ever described Nature worthily while in her presence, but only when he had shut her out from every thing but his heart. Then he could write of her gloriously. I, like the poet, was disturbed and distracted by the presence of my subject before my bodily vision. It was necessary I should see her only

with my mental eye; and then, sir, she inspired me!'

The next morning, Argyle proposed resuming his travels. Mr. Huntingdon consented, only on condition that he should return again in the course of a month, and execute several pieces for him, upon subjects which he had selected to adorn his study. This arrangement completed, Argyle sought the young ladies, to take his leave. He entered the apartment where they were usually at work; but it was vacant. A door was open at the further end, leading into a large alcove, full of what seemed to be exquisite flowers, arranged in vases, upon tiers of marble shelves. Scarcely pausing to think whether it were proper for him, he entered. On approaching nearer to the flowers, he discovered, to his astonishment, that they were of wax; yet so perfect, that he could not be satisfied of the fact till he had felt and smelled them. He knew whose hand had framed these beautiful things, and his interest and admiration were unbounded. 'Must I tear myself away from this gifted and glorious creature?' he mentally exclaimed. 'Little did I dream into what a fire I was rushing, nor how worse than death it would be to retreat from it.'

Meditating thus, he absently took from the

half-open drawer of a table, that stood before him, a little case containing a wax medallion. How swiftly the blood mounted to his face and brain, when he recognized in it a likeness of himself, too accurate to be mistaken! It was evidently not finished, and had been left in haste. The fair artist had been that very morning at work upon it; her tools lay even now upon the table. He had time only to glance for a moment or two upon the medallion, when he heard a step approaching from an adjacent room. He had just time to drop it, close the drawer, and turn toward the flowers, when the door opened, and Laura was before him. It would be impossible to decide which was the more confused at that moment; but the painter first recovered.

'I must ask a thousand pardons,' he cried, turning towards her, 'for entering, like a thief, into a sanctuary hitherto veiled from me; but "*veni, vidi*" — these beautiful flowers *conquered;* and can you forgive me?'

'I suppose I must,' said Laura, smiling; 'but I am provoked with the fate that brought to your sight so many imperfect efforts.'

'Imperfect! They rival Nature herself; they are exquisite! faultless! I never dreamed that this art could be carried to such a degree of per-

fection. When I return, will you let me come here every day to admire them?'

'What! do you leave us, then, so soon?'

'Yes: my work is finished, and I have no right to remain. But I hope in a few weeks to return. Your father is kind enough to urge it, and I have not the will to resist. It was in coming to take leave of you that I was led into this forbidden spot.'

'Not forbidden,' replied Laura, gently. 'To convince you of it, I will show you a little piece of work, which no other person, excepting my father and sister, has ever seen.'

She opened the door of a small ebony cabinet, and placed in his hand a piece of wax modelling, representing a grass plot, upon which were seated a little boy and girl, surrounded by clover blossoms, and looking earnestly into a tiny slipper which the girl held in her hand.

'The subject is of extreme simplicity, as you will see. It is designed to commemorate one of the many artless sports of early days, none of which I would quite forget.'

She looked up, and saw the painter's eyes filled with tears. He smiled: 'I was thinking of my boyhood,' he said.

'Then *you* have kindred remembrances?'

'I can recall a scene like this,' he answered.

'One late May morning, I walked with a little girl to school. We sat down in the clover-field, under an elm-tree. We were chatting gaily, — for we loved each other, — when a gold robin came, and sang over our heads. Laura — that was *her* name, too — drew off her shoe, to hunt for the oracular sign. I plucked a lock from my hair, and threw it in ——.'

'You are Henry!' cried Laura, clasping his arm with both her hands, and gazing earnestly into his face.

'And you are Laura,' he whispered, instinctively throwing his arm around her, and drawing her close to his bosom.

Ten years the lovers slid back at that moment. Again the shadow of the red elm was over them; the gold robin sang in their souls; the clover flowers nestled in the folds of their garments; their curls intertwined; their cheeks touched; their lips met; the sweetness of a whole concentrated life was poured into that moment; and then the dream softly, and not too suddenly, melted into the present reality, and they were no longer children who loved, but lovers with the pure hearts of children.

Henry Campbell, alias Claude Argyle, the scholar-painter, did not leave that day. He could not; Laura said he must not; and he did

not think the fate that detained him unkind. He had his story to tell: how the love of Art had gradually developed itself in his soul, in the midst of his studies, and how they had all centred and clustered around it as around the orb from whence they held their light. He found, when he strove to embody and give life to his visions, a genius guiding his pencil; and, obedient to the power that seemed keeping its vigils over him, he had resolved, as far as poverty would permit, to devote himself to the worship and the elevation of that power.

He had been drawn to Mr. Huntingdon's, at this crisis, by a fond remembrance. A romantic notion struck him, to present himself in disguise, confident that his countenance retained little that the most faithful memory could detect. He found the little Laura he had loved grown into the woman he adored. He discovered, by tokens that could not deceive him, that she loved him in return. His disguise fell from him; his poverty was forgotten; his heart fell open like a ripened shock too loosely bound, and all its golden store was spread at Laura's feet.

Now, as Laura's father was no stern tyrant of a man, who balanced his daughter's heart with gold; and as Henry Campbell was no fastidious hero, who preferred sacrificing his own and his

lady's happiness to a romantic sense of her superior wealth and his own consequent dependence, our story must necessarily end, though not with his happy fortunes ended the travels of the painter. In England, Germany, France, and above all in Italy, he pursued the noble culture to which his soul was pledged; and with him, everywhere, went Laura, the Travelling Painter's Wife.

NOTE. (*See page* 54, *last paragraph.*)

Kindred to this childish custom, is one existing upon the continent of Europe, of questioning the cuckoo upon the numbers and times in one's future destiny. We will venture to give, in this place, a translation of a little poem by Göthe, illustrating this custom. It is worthy of record, as an example of the playfulness and simplicity, the artless rurality, to which this great poet's mind loved so often to descend; the best proof of the heaven-height to which it could freely rise.

> 'The bird that soars on highest wing
> Builds on the ground her lowly nest.'

And so did Göthe's spirit; not from humility, any more than the lark, but from a boundless range of nature, that measured neither height nor depth, but was at home everywhere with beauty, in whatever element and under whatever form it appeared:

SPRING'S ORACLE, OR THE CUCKOO.

Thou prophetic minstrel, thou!
Singer 'mid the blossoming bough!
In this fairest of the year,
Thou the prayers of lovers hear!
If sweet hope our hearts may swell,
Hear us, dearest bird, and tell;
With thy cuckoo, cuckoo, coo,
Evermore cuckoo, cuckoo.

Listen thou! A loving pair
Fain their bridal chain would wear;
And they now are in their youth,
Full of virtue, full of truth.
Has not yet arrived the day?
Say, how long must we delay?
Hark, cuckoo! Hark, cuckoo!
Hush, hush, dear bird! add nought thereto!

Ere that crowning day appears,
We must wait two patient years!
But, when we shall share one home,
Will the '*pa-pa-papas*' come?
Know that thou wilt please us well,
If thou many shalt foretell.
One, cuckoo! two, cuckoo!
More, yet more! Cuckoo, cuckoo, coo!

Ah! and have we counted right?
'T is not half a dozen, quite.
If we thank thee, wilt thou tell
How long we on earth shall dwell?
We our wishes will not hide;
Gladly would we long abide.
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo.

Life is one great holiday,
If we grieve it not away.
If together it be passed,
Say, oh say shall *true love* last?
Oh! if that can e'er be o'er,
Nought will then be lovely more!
Coo, cuckoo, coo, cuckoo,
Coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo, coo.
(By grace, *ad infinitum*).

VISIT OF CHARLES II. OF SPAIN

TO THE TOMBS OF HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND FIRST QUEEN.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

The monarch's last sad pilgrimage
  Was where his loved were sleeping;
The dying stood beside the forms
  Which death had in his keeping.
The lamps, that cast sepulchral gleams
  Where kings and princes slumbered,
Glared fitfully upon his brow
  Whose days, e'en now, were numbered.

The dying stood beside the dead, —
  Death's victim marked and singled;
As surely his as those whose dust
  With kindred dust had mingled.
They slept within their marble tombs,
  He stood and viewed their slumber;
Yet, pale and awe-struck, seemed he there
  Already of their number.

The monarch knelt down reverently:
'My father, I am dying;
Thy rest is deep, yet speak to me.'
The dead give no replying.
He bowed his head submissively:
'To God, and to no other,
I bow in grief and humbleness;
Now lead me to my mother.'

Again he knelt down reverently,
Then started back in horror:
'She frowns upon me from her tomb;
O God! this bitter sorrow!'
He pressed his lips unto her cheek;
The dying, and no other,
Had dared to touch that fleshless face;
'Farewell, farewell, my mother.'

He knelt, in bitter agony,
Beside a form all wasted,
And drained the cup which, until now,
His lip had only tasted:
'And this is all of loveliness,
So cold and ghastly lying;
My wife—the loved, the beautiful—
I 'm with thee, e'en in dying!'

Deep silence in that place of tombs;
The dead in silence sleeping;
The living, mid the buried past,
In sacred silence weeping.

A low, hoarse whisper broke the gloom:
'Oh! who of poison speaketh?'
The living give nor sign nor sound,
The dead stern silence keepeth.

'Who speaks of poison?' From her tomb
Were heard those words of horror!
'Oh! leave me, I would tell her all
My bitter grief and sorrow.
And I would tell her of my love,
The dead *may* hear the dying;
Then leave me; let me yield my breath
Where she I loved is lying.'

'Profane not this lone place of death;
Thy grief is unavailing:
Then leave the dead unto their rest;
What heed they of thy wailing?'
The monarch started to his feet;
Those words had made him stronger:
'Oh! close my mother's open tomb,
I'll gaze on her no longer.'

'Victim of poison and of hate,
Alas, alas, departed!
My wife, my mother, in their tombs,
And I am broken-hearted!'
A shudder seized his trembling frame,
A change passed quickly o'er him;
And, from that place of death and gloom,
With noiseless tread they bore him.

A little while, and through those vaults
  Beneath those pale lamps' glaring,
A sad procession passed along,
  A nation's monarch bearing.
He slept in peace; life's fitful strife
  Within his breast was ended;
And many a worn and weary one
  That peaceful slumber envied.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

BY D. H. BARLOW.

THE name of Swedenborg may be known to most, and to many it may be familiar. And yet to the vast majority, I suspect, it is little else except a name. The history of the man, and especially his peculiar opinions, religious and philosophic, are slightly, if at all, more familiar to the public generally, than those of Mother Anne Lee and the Shakers.

It is not very easy to account for this. For Swedenborg, with his pretensions and dogmas, offers a problem the most singular and curious to be found in history. It is, too, a problem which the Christian, the moralist, and even the mere philosopher, will alike find deserving of careful examination.

Thus consider, first, who and what was the man. He was a noble, — made such in compensation of important services to his country. Remarkable for a learning alike various and vast,

he was an especial proficient in mathematical and physical science, — a fact commonly held to imply a clear, solid, steady temper, unapt to be hurried away by enthusiasm, or thralled by illusions of fancy.

He was, too, peculiarly independent, as also throned high in the general respect and esteem, and therefore utterly without inducement to seek notoriety by putting forward strange assumptions, fitted to draw about him a marvelling throng. In fact, by assaulting, successfully, some points of all prevalent beliefs, he rather incurred the risk of losing a present standing, itself high enough to content any rational ambition.

And, finally, eminent for a clear, sedate purity of soul, and for those general virtues, personal and relative, which stamp a man venerable, qualities to which a lengthened series of years had set their seal, — of retired, studious habits, which kept him aloof from much intercourse with the world, — he was, alike from character and mode of life, of all men most unprepared to be swept along by the currents of popular excitement.

And this man, at the age of fifty-five years, — an age which, to one so universally temperate and therefore so healthful as he was, is the season of ripeness in faculties, in knowledge, and in

thought, and of a sobriety incompatible with the heats and bewilderments of youthful passion and fancy, — uttered to the world the following unique declaration, viz. that the eyes of his inward man were opened, so that he saw the spiritual world, with its heavens and hells, and therein conversed with deceased acquaintances, with distinguished personages of antiquity, and with numerous angels, good and bad. This intercourse, he affirms, was continued through the remaining thirty years of his life; and what he thus saw and heard he recorded, under the title of 'Memorable Relations.'

Along with these 'Relations' he propounds a whole system of religious and ethical doctrine. And herein even the most prejudiced examiner cannot but find a vast amount of deepest truth, and of sublimest, most beautiful wisdom, — so interlinked, too, with those mysterious 'Relations,' that the twain seem as little susceptible of being separated, as the miracles and teachings of holy writ.

Now such a pretension as thirty years' face to face intercourse with the spiritual world were an astounding one, put forward by any man. But, put forward by just such a one, it augments our astonishment a hundred fold. Not an anchorite of the desert hut or the mountain cavern, — not

a recluse of the monastic cell, alone, for years with ecstatic reveries, dealing exclusively with the infinite, the unseen, the intangible, and growing at last incapable, from shattered nerves and morbid imagination, of discriminating betwixt illusion and reality, — from no such person came the 'Memorable Relations.' But a man of solid, scientific mind, occupied both theoretically and practically with visible, palpable things, how could he be self-deluded? Of mature years and faculties, and therefore knowing the true value of worldly place and name, — possessed of competent wealth, high position, and wide-reaching celebrity, — of eminent purity, and sterling, long-tried worth of character, — why should he, and how could he, set himself to the task of deluding others?

What, then, means his pretension? and what must we say of it?

Was he a lunatic? His whole tone of thought, feeling, and life, is the opposite of lunacy. Along with and in the midst of these 'Relations' of things seen and heard in the spirit-world, are weightiest, noblest, grandest truth and wisdom. Could the Sage be beside himself?

At all events, the problem is so curious, that some account of the man and his utterances may perhaps carry some interest with it. I make no

pretension to give a complete or profound view of this theme. Imperfect, superficial, and rather historical than philosophic, I grant, at the outset, my account to be.

Emanuel Swedenborg was the son of Jasper Swedberg, Bishop of West Gothland in Southern Sweden, and was born at Stockholm, A.D. 1688. Carefully instructed by his father, from the first, in the stern dogmas of Lutheranism, and constitutionally of strong religious susceptibilities, his studies (for he was an apt and zealous student almost from the cradle) embraced a wide range in theology, as well as in philosophy, and mathematical and physical science. His attainments were alike remarkable in degree and encyclopedian in variety. His first appearance, as author, was in his twenty-third year; and then, singularly enough (his decided scientific bias being considered), it was in the shape of a volume of poems, entitled 'Miscellaneous Songs.'

For the four years following, he travelled through England, France, Germany, and Holland, visiting on his way their several universities, and, on his return, published some volumes of experiments and observations in natural philosophy and mathematics. He thus became known to his sovereign (the celebrated Charles XII.), and was by him appointed assessor in the

Mining College, — a highly responsible office in a country whose mines constitute its chief resources, and the more honorable for the early age (twenty-eight years) of the recipient.

And still further, by an extraordinary mechanical invention, by treatises on algebra, on money, on the tides, and on the planetary revolutions, he won such a repute with government, that Queen Ulrica raised him to the peerage, and changed his name from the patronymic, Swedberg, to Swedenborg. He was now in his thirty-second year.

In the course of the ensuing twenty-two years, besides discharging the duties of his office and travelling quite extensively, he produced and published a large number of works, relating chiefly to natural history and the various branches of natural philosophy. From the immense range of research, as well as the native power, ingenuity, and originality, manifest in these productions, their author became known to and admired by the whole circle of European scholarship; and the general voice in his favor was ratified by his election, as member, by the several academies of Stockholm, Upsal, and St. Petersburg.

And this brings us to the year 1743, when his professed intercourse began with the world of spirits. I have touched on these few items of

his antecedent life, to indicate who, and of what character and condition, was the person claiming to be the subject of experiences so unique.

I shall undertake no more than to present a few specimens of his peculiar views. These views he declares himself to have derived from what he personally saw and heard in the spiritual world, or what was told him by its angel inhabitants.

Among the most interesting, as well as wondrous, of these, is the 'Doctrine of Correspondences,' so named by him. According to this, every thing in the material universe, animal, vegetable, and mineral, corresponds to and images forth some thought or affection, which is the ground of its existence, — the substance, whereof it is the shadow. Or, conversely, ideas and feelings are the souls, of which animals, vegetables, and minerals, are the bodies. No thing (even to the minutest) does or can subsist materially, without a spiritual prototype. And as the human body is constituted to manifest that immaterial essence named the soul, and has no use other than this; so every material thing is designed to manifest a spiritual fact, and has no meaning or use except this representative one.

Thus (as one of the most obvious examples of this correspondency), light is an emblem of truth

in its largest sense, and betwixt the two many and beautiful analogies may be readily traced.

For instance, light, in its essence, is one and unchangeable; as truth, in the abstract, is unchangeably one. But, as light falls on different objects, they absorb and reflect or refract it so diversely, that, instead of the single primal white, we behold a thousand varying hues, blue, green, red, &c. And just so, truth, entering different minds, is so modified by the dissimilar moods of those minds, that even in no two among them does it wear exactly the same shade.

In water, again, we have another emblem of truth, though of truth in a less unlimited sense. Thus water takes the shape of the vessel holding it, or of the bed containing it, and the channel in which it flows. Just so does truth assume one or another form according to the mind receiving it. It is familiar to you all, that no two persons, beholding the same fact, ever do or can give precisely the same account of it.

Moreover, a filthy vessel will be foul, and render worthless, if not absolutely noxious, the clearest, wholesomest water. And, precisely so, a corrupt, impure mind can mar, and transmute into poison, the highest, most sacred truth.

And, once more, water and truth run parallel

in this, that both are bounties of heaven not partially and scantily bestowed, but generally and abundantly diffused.

The correspondence might be traced indefinitely between truth and both these material elements. Thus in the recesses of a forest, dark with close-standing trees and dense underbrush, intertwisted with climbing and creeping growths, it is damp and unwholesome in consequence of such darkness. But, by the voluntary labor of hewing down and grubbing up, this profuse vegetation may be so thinned out, as to let in light upon this chilly gloom; and forthwith the dampness and unhealthiness take flight.

In like manner, a people may be overrun with a rank growth of errors and follies, which may so shut out the influx of truth, that the popular soul is gloomed and chilled, and in consequence choked up with morbid fancies and unhealthy sentiment and feelings. But here, as before, by voluntary effort these errors and follies may be outrooted, and a way opened for the inflowing of truth, — the result of which is the upspringing of healthful emotions, and the circulation of gladdening sentiments.

And all this is not more the fact with a people, than with the individual soul.

So again, a certain territory, through lack of

water, appears an arid sandwaste, with no green thing refreshing the eye, and no foodful growth to sustain life, but echoing (may be), instead, with the roar of the wild beast and the hiss of the venomous reptile. But let the waters of some far river or lake be so trained as to traverse, in multiplied channels, this torrid desert, and lo! a green, blossoming, foodful expanse greets full soon the sight!

In that parched and herbless waste, how plainly is imaged some far-off tribe sunk in pagan barbarism, or some outcast class, state-prisoners for instance, in our very midst, exhibiting a moral desert, barren of all growths of virtuous feeling, thought, or deed, — noisy with the uproar of savage passions and beastly appetites, — dismal and hideous alike to eye and ear. But let God's truth be borne to these abandoned ones, — borne by those whom Heaven has commissioned with hearts gushing over with human love, — and how often do these spiritual waters quicken and blossom with good affections, and yield all various fruits of virtue!

As another example: heat is the material symbol of love, in its most comprehensive form. And as heat is the vivifying, fructifying principle of the natural creation, without which the whole were a torpid, dead mass, — so, in the spiritual

world, love is the life-giving element, without whose agency the soul bears no fruit, nor in strictness lives at all.

One of the properties of heat is to expand all bodies. And does not love, correspondently, expand the soul? What soul exists, — even the pitifullest and most contracted, — that is not for the time enlarged by the infusion of a genuine affection? Nor the soul alone. Does not even this heart of flesh swell and throb often, as it would burst, when pervaded by this sentiment?

Cold, which is the absence of heat, is obviously the correspondent of selfishness, the absence or want of love. And with what a kindred and tremendous force do they both act in their several spheres, — both, if sufficiently intensified, freezing, blasting, and destroying, and spreading abroad, the one in the outer, the other in the inner world, a universal polar winter, within whose hard, icy circle is no greenness, nor growth, nor vitality!

Another symbol of love is magnetism. Out of the many correspondences betwixt the two, I will specify but one. Thus, with a single small magnet, you might communicate the magnetic property to one mass of iron after another, till every particle on earth was fully charged. And

yet the original magnet, instead of being thereby exhausted, or in the slightest degree weakened, grows ever the stronger, and is, at the close, strongest of all. And, while thus strengthened by use and forthgiving, it loses force and becomes enfeebled through disuse.

How striking a counterpart, in these properties, of love! One soul, charged to the full with this passion (Peter the Hermit, for instance), can, out of its blazing abundance, enkindle the hearts of tens of thousands, and even of millions, with its own noble ardors. And, in this divine conflagration, all mere personal considerations, all selfish thoughts and worldly hopes or fears, all regard to peril and privation, or the sacrifice of what is dearest and most precious, shall be utterly consumed; and myriads on myriads shall be melted down into one rushing stream of enthusiastic, fiery endeavor, which, like Etna's lava torrent, shall burn up or overwhelm whatever of smallest or greatest stands in its track! Nor is the love of such a soul exhausted the while, or one whit diminished, by this immense impartation. Rather has it grown ever the larger and intenser, till, at the end, it is the largest and intensest of all.

And, universally, this passion, instead of lessening, grows continually ampler and more vivid,

with every act of communication. It is among the tritest of proverbs, that the mother holds dearest of all her sick, or maimed, or especially her sinning child. Not for the obedient, home-keeping one, but for the far-straying, prodigal one returned, is the fatted calf killed and the festal rejoicing made. And this for the precise reason, that the latter has exacted from her the most exorbitant measures of maternal affection!

On the same principle it is, that we more love those on whom we lavish benefits, than those from whom we receive them. In giving, we commonly exercise the sentiment of regard; whereas receiving implies, of necessity, no such exercise.

To complete the parallel, love, like magnetism, requires movement, activity, as an indispensable condition of continued vigor and force, and, through disuse, weakens and dwindles away.

I will add but one to these instances. Music (says Swedenborg) is the voice of love, or the good affections. In this world of incongruity and semi-chaotic mixture, — where 'tares and wheat are suffered to grow together, until the harvest time' shall separate, like to like, exterior appearance does not infallibly image the interior state. But in the spiritual world, the outward and the inward shall, to the very minutest particu-

lar, match one another, and every soul will dwell in the shadow projected by itself.

There bad spirits utter themselves, by necessity, in harsh, grating, discordant tones, emblematic of their evil passions; and this discordance is greater or less in proportion to the degree of evil they have reached.

The voices of good spirits are, on the contrary, charmingly melodious, and increasingly so, in proportion to their increase in goodness. Sometimes, says our author, their tones are so subduingly sweet, that the most stony-hearted of the devils are melted by them into irrepressible outgushes of tears! At the same time (light being, as before suggested, an emblem of truth), good spirits are always surrounded by beautiful forms and scenes, over which play loveliest and perpetually varying colors. It is thus that their good thoughts and holy aspirations project themselves outwardly.

By the same law, bad spirits are ever encompassed by lurid, murky, dismal hues, and ugly shapes, and hideous sights, representative of their falsities and malignancies of thought and desire.

Now, whatever may be thought of the truth of the doctrine, of which I have given these illustrations, few will deny it to be a striking one, for its moral significance, if nothing beside. This

plucking utterly away from the guilty soul the 'refuges of lies,' which now shelter it so often from detection, — this inexorable touching with Ithuriel-spear of the angel-seeming demon, so that he must, in his own despite, stand confest to all a manifest friend,—this enforced utterance, in dissonant, hideous, jangling tones, that match the foul propensity, the malignant wish, the morose temper, — this compulsory moving amid an everlasting environment of lowering, sulphurous hues, and monstrous shapes, and horrid lights, which betray to all eyes the evil thoughts, imaginations, and desires, so cunningly hidden (may be) before, — in a word, this standing evermore in a vast mirror-chamber, whose floor and ceiling and four walls give back the same exact reduplication, even to the slightest particular, of one's spiritual self, — here is a presentment of a great spiritual fact, which, whether taken as figurative or literal, reaches the absolute sublime of moral painting!

The embodiment of love and truth in so many different emblems will seem natural enough, when we examine Swedenborg's system of the universe. According to this, as the creation — material and spiritual — is an outbirth from the Deity, every portion of it does and must wear the image of the Creator. In the whole series

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of existences constituting the universe, from the loftiest archangel down to the least sand-grain, the elements of the divine nature are incessantly repeated with more or less exactness, according to the rank of each on the scale.

Now, the divine nature is compounded of the two elements, love and wisdom, indivisibly united. These are not, as with us, names of mere qualities; but of original, absolute essences. Love and wisdom, then, are God, considered in and by himself.

But our almost sole method of contemplating God, is in his relation to the universe; since only through his manifestation in the universe do we know his existence. When thus contemplated, a third element becomes apparent, evolved from, or consisting in, the motion or action of the other inseparably united two. This element is commonly named 'power;' by our author, I believe, 'operation.' Love, wisdom, and operation, then, constitute the Trinity in Unity, in which God appears to us, his creatures; love corresponding to the 'Father,' wisdom to the 'Son,' and operation to the 'Holy Ghost,' of the popular dogma of a tri-personal deity.

Now, the creation being an effluence from God, these three principles of his being are everywhere reproduced in it.

Thus the sun is a symbol of God; comprising light, which corresponds to wisdom, or truth; heat, which corresponds to love; and the operation of the united twain, which is the spring of vegetable life and growth.

So, too, humanity, as a total, is an emblem of God; man, one of its elements, representing wisdom; and woman, the other, representing love: while marriage, the blending of the two in one, typifies the third principle of the divine nature.

And here may be seen the reason why our author attaches to marriage a significance so profound and sacred, viz., its being an emblem of the indivisible union, in the divine nature, of wisdom and love. By consequence, a true marriage is godlike, and sheds around it, by an intrinsic aptitude, heaven and heaven's blessedness; and, with blessedness, all best virtues and graces. A false marriage, on the contrary, is an essential monstrosity; being an attempted conjoining of elements that will not and cannot mix. It is a type, therefore, of hell, the home of discordance and jar, and sheds about it the acrimonies and the miseries of hell.

Elsewhere you may trace the same trinity of principles.

Thus, in the human soul, there are the under-

standing and the will, corresponding to the divine wisdom and love; and the union of the two, constituting human power, makes the third correspondent.

In the human body, again, there are the lungs and the heart, which, with their conjoined action, reiterate the same analogy. So, too, do the flesh and the blood, the solids and the fluids, and their combined operation.

What God is to man, that is man to this lower world. All contained in it bears relation to him, is for his sake, and wears, more or less exactly, his impress. The animal races, from the highest to the lowest, bear a resemblance to man, more or less near, and embody more or fewer of his properties.

The vegetable tribes, again, resemble and repeat the animal, more or less completely. Thus, the tree has leaves for lungs, and circulating sap for blood; and, with all other forms of vegetable existence, is propagated by parents.

And, finally, the mineral kingdom presses upward towards, and reiterates the vegetable, interlinking with it through substances which share the properties of both.

And what is this solid globe itself, lying at the basis of all, but an organized creature; which, with its circulating waters, and its incessant eva-

porations, seems a huge, breathing semblance of man?

All life and its on-goings, from man downward through the mineral sphere, are by a continuous influx from God, through the intermedium of the spiritual world. In that spiritual world are multitudes of societies, entitled heavens and hells; the former composed of good spirits, the latter of bad. Of both there are different orders and degrees, according to the ruling principle developed and manifest in the members constituting each, and the measures attained by them of good or evil. The same influx from God constitutes the life equally of both; but the good spirits, through rectitude of will, convert it to good uses; while the bad, through a perverse will, appropriate it to all evil ends.

Through these heavens and hells, the influx is perpetually flowing into our world. The agency of the heavens appears in all things bright and beautiful, and pure and good. And all evil things — crimes and vices, beasts of prey and venomous reptiles, noxious plants and minerals, with all foulnesses and fetors — issue from the hells, of whose elements they are correspondencies.

Now the same law of correspondence, which prevails everywhere else, belongs not less to the

Scriptures, which are also from God. To these Scriptures there is a literal sense, which may be called their body; and an internal sense, which may be named their soul. According to this doctrine, every name — whether of person, or place, or thing — every animal, plant, or stone, therein mentioned, covers a spiritual truth, which may be valuable for illumination, for monition, or for consolation. In this symbolic tongue, so boundless of significance, most of the Old Testament, the Four Gospels, the Acts, and the Apocalypse, are written; and thus contain treasures richer than wildest enthusiasm ever had dreamed. Therein may be read, in cipher, the whole history of humanity, with the stupendous plan of Providence relating thereto, in its successive stages.

Among these books, the Apocalypse has for us a special interest, from our intimate relation to it. As read by our author, it contains a delineation of the half-century just gone; including the French Revolution, and the general convulsions growing out of it, the times now passing, and the times approaching. The New Jerusalem therein spoken of is that millenial order of society, foreshown by ancient prophets, and perpetually yearned for in every successive age, by the bruised and lacerated, the suffering and sor-

rowing generations of mankind. Under the type of precious metals, and gems, and delicious fruits, the apostle has depicted the beautiful relations and conditions, with the exquisite delights, of a society actually to exist on earth, in which the divine sentiment of love shall universally prevail, and reign without antagonist or rival!

It is a curious coincidence that Fourier, the great Gallic sage, also beholds in this same New Jerusalem the new harmonic order of society, whose coming he anticipates; and still more curious is it, that, without being acquainted with Swedenborg's works or opinions, he has reached, by the path of science, very much the same theory of the universe. He has reproduced, under the name of 'Analogy,' Swedenborg's 'Doctrine of Correspondencies;' and in the whole material creation he, too, beholds imaged the soul of man, and, through this, the original infinite soul.

In man's present vitiated state, his disordered passions are repictured, not merely in his own false and bad institutions and practices, but throughout the animal and other kingdoms below him, all which exhibit the same mixture of good and evil.

For example: in the bloated spider, with his cunningly woven web, spread out to entangle and devour, he sees an emblem of our present

false commerce, with its manifold cheateries and tricks, and its tendency to draw all things into its meshes. In the spotted, hoarse-voiced toad, he beholds the city beggar, exhibiting to all passers-by his deformities and ulcers, and croaking out his calamities and wants. In the parrot, again, he perceives the false philosopher, garbed in words; which are fine-plumaged, indeed, but mere babble after all.

Even in mathematical figures and lines, he finds symbols of human passions. Thus, in the circle and the ellipse, which bound-in precisely described spaces, he sees emblems of love and of friendship, which embrace merely a specific number of persons now living; while in the hyperbola, which has no assignable termination, but may be indefinitely prolonged, he beholds ambition, whose nature is to be never content with a goal already won, but to stretch onward illimitably.

How rich in beauty and wisdom this doctrine of correspondence makes the creation we inhabit, is obvious enough. According to it, when the banished prince found

> 'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones,'

he found them there, because they were there in

literal verity! In the language of poetry, of high-toned eloquence, and of sublimated passion generally, there is ever a practical, if unconscious, recognition of this great law; and even in familiar conversation we call the ferocious man a tiger, the crafty one a fox, the treacherous, underhand person a snake, and the strong-natured, magnanimous one a lion; and our meaning is plain to the very dullest.

The savage, whose intercourse with nature is closer and more constant than that of the civilized, makes of this kind of speech almost a vernacular; and his names of individuals, borrowed from the animal or vegetable world, always point to some supposed resemblance in qualities.

Among the most primeval of people, the Oriental, the use of emblems is universal and frequent. The Persian poetry (as may be seen in the familiar examples of Hafez and Ferdousi) and the Hindoo (as Sir William Jones's specimens, especially his version of the celebrated 'Sakontala,' have probably made familiar to most of you) are absolutely surcharged with symbols. Of the same description is the Eastern flower language; which is said to be so complete, that lovers may interchange all the moods and tenses of the 'tender passion,' with-

out the intervention of one written or spoken syllable!

The Egyptian hieroglyphics are, I presume, another specimen of the same representative language; and were once employed to record, by means of animal and vegetable forms, not only historic events, but religious dogmas and ethical precepts.

The Mosaic worship made large use of symbols; and the twelve precious stones set in the Urim and Thummim of the high priest, the oblations, in their many and various kinds, and the ritual forms generally, were symbolic in character.

Cortes and Pizarro found hieroglyphic writing practised among the Mexicans and Peruvians, at the era of the Spanish conquest.

And, finally, in the wampum, the totems, and the several species of ceremonial among the North American Indians, may be witnessed rude exemplications of the same great fact.

From these, and other like circumstances, it has been inferred, that, in the world's early ages, the language of correspondence existed, as an immense science; founded, not like our written language, on convention, but, like astronomy and chemistry, on the nature of things. Then, it is supposed, understood and employed

by sages generally, it was gradually lost in the lapse of time. This language the Egyptian priesthood used, for preserving sacred knowledge in a shape unintelligible to the common masses.

Moses and Aaron, educated in the land of the Nile, — then, by eminence, the realm of culture and light, — carried with them this sign-language to Palestine, and chronicled therein the revelations and commandments of heaven. For the people at large, the literal sense sufficed; while the grandeurs and marvels of the internal significance were reserved by the Levites to themselves.

This language, so long lost, Swedenborg declares to have been taught to himself by divine illumination; while Fourier claims to have attained it through scientific means.

Moreover, it is held by some that every genuine poet, when under the full impulse of his genius, utters himself, by an unconscious necessity, largely in this language of correspondence; so that, shrined within the literal import of his utterances, much of spiritual wisdom may always be discovered. That is, every true bard is measurably God's prophet and mouthpiece; conveying unawares divine messages to the world.

It may be thought to favor this idea, that the same words once denoted poet and prophet.

Thus Homer's Odyssey — a narration of the wanderings and adventures of Ulysses, while returning from Troy to Ithaca, his home — is interpreted to delineate the development of an individual soul, its errings and repentings, its lapses and recoveries, and its general progress towards its proper goal; which goal is that balance and harmony of its passions and faculties, to be found only in rectitude, or complete subordination to the divine law. Ithaca signifies rectitude, or right; and the tale is filled with coincidences favoring the above idea.

Dante's great poem was thus read by the middle-age Italians; and not only did the brightest minds of the day undertake its interpretation, but professorships were founded and handsomely endowed for the purpose.

In thus endeavoring to give something like a general account of Swedenborg's system, I have left myself no room for specialties, which might, perhaps, have better entertained the reader. It may, nevertheless, be thought I should not conclude, without a few words touching his peculiar pretensions.

In laying claim to thirty years' intercourse with the spiritual world, was Swedenborg, then,

1st, An impostor — a juggling cheat? Nobody ever examined his life and writings, and entertained this thought for an instant. Was he,

2d, A lunatic? A general lunatic he most assuredly was not, unless such lunacy may coexist with extraordinary ability, both theoretic and practical, for all the various purposes of life. Is it possible, then, that his was a case of monomania, which transmuted to sights and sounds his thoughts and fancies, together with the materials stored in the immense treasure-house of his memory? I know not, and who can know? The sole proof, if proof it may be named, of his monomania, is the strangeness of his pretensions; and this mark attaches, more or less, to every new thing. Was he, then,

3d, A veritable prophet? The former existence of prophets, preternaturally inspired, is admitted by most. That with the apostles their line closed, and that no further communications from the unseen world are to be expected, aside from the ordinary channels, I know not that we are anywhere assured. It is only an age skeptical by eminence, that rejects at once the prophetic claim, as such. The original human instinct tends the opposite way. Magic, alchymy, astrology, divination, and witchcraft, — most of them sciences once in high repute, — all testify

to a native yearning in man to pierce the material wall bounding him in, and to learn what lies behind it. Under these titles may be found a mass of facts of actual occurrence, which were not easily explained by ordinary laws; as the second-sight of the Scotch Highlanders, and the like.

But most remarkable, perhaps, of all is mesmerism, with its clairvoyance. That fraud and collusion have been mixed up with this, and that impostors have endeavored to make merchandise of it, is unquestionable; but how many false Messiahs appeared for one true? But, after all, there remain phenomena which neither the known laws of nature nor cheatery can explain. That persons have seen through thickest bandages, have described correctly distant scenes, and incidents occurring far off at the moment, are facts testified by the same senses which alone tell us the world exists! I cannot help thinking that, in these strange phenomena, we behold glimpses of a grand science now in its infancy, and some day to be fully developed.

I am inclined, moreover, to think that, when developed, this science will throw light on Swedenborg's case. An anecdote told of him, and sustained by testimony not to be impeached, would seem to favor this idea.

It is related that, while sitting once in a social circle at Gottenburg, distant one hundred and fifty miles from Stockholm, he was observed suddenly to grow pale and agitated. He assigned, as the cause of this, that a terrible fire was then raging in the street of the metropolis containing his own house. In a day or two, the Stockholm mail brought accounts, verifying his statement to the letter.

To those who have witnessed clairvoyance, with its inexplicable marvels, this anecdote will present nothing incredible. As Swedenborg would seem, then, to have possessed the clairvoyant faculty, may not his 'Memorable Relations' be ascribed to what may be named natural or spontaneous clairvoyance?

As one of his doctrines, our author affirms that, inclosed within our corporeal frame, we have a spiritual body of similar shape, and endowed with senses, organs, and general functions, corresponding to the material, which is to fit us hereafter for communicating with the spiritual world. St. Paul, too, says: 'We have a natural body, and we have a spiritual body.'

Fourier holds precisely the same views, only calling it an aromal, instead of a spiritual body. He says that, during our mortal existence, this aromal body sleeps for the most part, though

sometimes it is more or less completely awake. From a partial awaking of this body result the mesmeric phenomena. That the clairvoyant can see through bandages, and the like, is from the superior perfection of the aromal organs, which are able to permeate gross, material bulks, just as the aromas (electricity, gravity, &c.) do themselves penetrate them.

On the same principle does he explain trances, in which persons have been known to lie apparently dead for several days; and then reviving, to describe wonders that had been seen and heard by them the while. The aromal body was awake, and exercised partially its natural powers.

May we not, then, suppose that Swedenborg's aromal organism was, in some very peculiar way, aroused; and that, through its functions, he saw and heard what he has chronicled? Such supposition does not at all militate with the hypothesis, that he was a commissioned prophet, if one should so regard him; for the very fact of such an aromal awakening may, if you will, be reckoned a supernatural intervention.

At any rate, that Swedenborg was a good man will, by any well-informed person, as little be questioned as that he was a grand genius, and possessed of learning alike extensive and profound. As little may it be questioned, that his

writings contain a vast mine of truth and wisdom, be its source what it may. One may, therefore, waive the point of his preternatural claims, and yet find him a teacher of incalculable worth.

In fact, to walk with Swedenborg in that immaterial sphere, where, at every instant, the soul creates, by its own varying emotions and thoughts, its own exterior world — to behold the most exquisite flowers, and loveliest sights of every description, while inhaling the most ineffable fragrances and the divinest harmonies — and in all these to recognize the mere echoes and shadows cast from the internal movements of good spirits; or to accompany Fourier into that stupendous aromal creation, where planets and suns, not as (in our view) dead matter, but all-intelligent, free-willing beings, similar to, but of higher grade, than ourselves, sit in conclave, to confer how they may best promote the weal of the universal whole, by advancing each toward a completer unity with the infinite perfect, — amid such colossal contemplations we feel our breath come thick with admiring awe! And even in the capacity so to imagine (if imaginings we will pronounce them), do we not witness new evidence of the grandeur of the human soul?

And we, who, for recreation and amusement,

so often devour fictitious inventions the leanest and emptiest, were it unwisely wasting time that we should occasionally roam through this realm of beauties and grandeurs, even though we may regard it a region of reveries and dreams? I think not!

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THE LAND STORM.

WHO comes from South to North,
Careering forth?
A giant he! He tears the tree,
And strews the green leaves o'er the darkened earth.

The flowers, when he comes nigh,
Prostrated lie;
He strips the vines, roars through the pines,
And drives the clouds, like wild herds, through the sky.

The trembling birds have fled;
The rain is shed
In heavy showers, on grass and flowers;
And all the rivers seem convulsed with dread.

Ah! whither goeth he,
The giant free?
What northern realm will he o'erwhelm?
Where will his death and where his burial be?

'T is o'er; his form hath passed;
Its shadow, cast
Upon the wood, upon the flood,
Grows shorter, dimmer, and is gone, at last.

MODERN BRITISH CRITICISM.

BY A. D. MAYO.

Our limits will not permit us, at this time, to discuss the merits of all the distinguished essayists of the last half-century. Many names are included in the number, that demand a separate and profound consideration; yet the peculiarities of individual minds are less interesting, in such examination, than a view of the tendencies of different classes of critics. We will, therefore, endeavor to indicate what appear to us the two great methods of modern British criticism, and illustrate our remarks upon this point, by a notice of two representatives of these methods — Carlyle and Macaulay.

There are two kinds of criticism: one of 'the letter, that killeth;' the other of 'the spirit, that giveth life.' One deals only with the external manifestation of thought in religion, life, and literature. It considers that only as real which meets the eye. It works from the surface in-

wards. The other proceeds from the form to the internal and spiritual. It regards the unseen as the eternal.

In religion, the one is a criticism of words and phrases. It is enamored with forms. It cannot see beyond the historical and traditional. Its faith is proportioned to the clearness of the text. When authorities become doubtful, its heart faints. Salvation depends upon the critical signification of 'Aion.' The kingdom of heaven is accessible only through a gate, inscribed with Greek and Hebrew characters. All who enter by other directions are 'thieves and robbers.' The other embraces all this, but only as the external portion of the truth. Theology, in its estimation, is not word-catching, but spiritual perception. While it gratefully receives the historical and the miraculous in the character of Jesus, it does not forget that the highest proof of the truth of Christianity is the response of the religious nature and the experience of ages. It relies not too much upon commentators of chapters and verses, but recognizes the expanding soul as the only true commentary of revelation. The meaning that comes not to us, while digging among roots of philology, is revealed when we become 'pure in heart.'

The same distinction appears in the estimate

of life, made by the disciples of these opposing methods. To the one, existence is tame, discordant, material; to the other, significant, harmonious, spiritual. One sees in every-day duty only a dull routine; the other discerns therein a school, of which God is the teacher. One believes life to be all accidents; the other, all providences. One lies crushed under a mountain of circumstances; the other bears it, Atlas-like, upon his shoulders. The one lives only in excitement; to the other, the air, the sun, the natural level of things, is exhilaration.

Nor is this distinction less apparent, when they approach the domain of literature. In style, the one is the critic of words, periods, and hexameters. He judges according to arbitrary rules, having no existence in the nature of things. He declares one method of expression proper to all degrees of intellectual power and culture. Thus it is proper for no one. The armor crushes David, and pinches Goliath; yet each must wear it, or stay away from the field. He insensibly comes to view thought as a mean, whose end is expression. The same spirit appears in his estimate of the substance of a book. Poetry is *unreality*, 'a divine madness,' a pleasing delusion, to amuse the world in its hours of repose. Thought is seen only in its *objective*

existence; often it has become a petrifaction, dissevered from the inner life that gave it existence. It is judged by its relation to other *objective* things, the petrified creations of other minds. It is compared with reigning ideas. It is measured by the world it has come into, not by the soul it has left. The man and his book are separate beings. The foliage of the tree is criticised, while the roots are not examined. The critic looks only between the two covers before him. It were the same to him, whether the author were dead or alive; king or beggar; whether he ever existed or not. Here are the pages; by his critical square and compass he must take their dimensions, and indicate their place in the universe of mind. In his judgment of human nature, he decides only from the outward facts of life. He does not recognize the great distinction between character and conduct. The things a man says and does, his goings and comings, his manners, are the man. His approval is an approval of appearances; of the skin, the cloth. Man is greatest in his exterior life, and dwindles to a point as you proceed inward. Thus does our critic in all things. His instruments pierce only the crust, and there are blunted, as if by enchantment, while he supposes the core of creation is reached. Having ascer-

tained his capacity, we can predict, with great accuracy, his estimate of all things. There is 'a letter' and 'a spirit' to every object of thought. He knows only 'the letter.' When you talk of 'the spirit,' he calls you 'transcendental,' 'visionary,' 'fanciful.'

This is not true criticism. It fails to indicate that which it is the purpose of criticism to reveal. Style, thought, manners, are only worthy of attention, as they acquaint us with the soul from which they came. We read to learn of the nature of man, of his position in the universe, and his destiny; to know how the divine mind is linked with the human mind. Questions like these are alone worth answering. To their solution, consciously or unconsciously, all our efforts are directed. Never are we so listless, that we do not joyfully receive any revelation upon these great mysteries. Whoever speaks or writes about them, if his word be genuine, we long to hear and read. In uncultivated minds, this desire produces the love of gossip. This alone explains the zest with which personal narratives are related, in all classes of society. That people content themselves with mere palpable facts, in such narrations, only proves their mistake in regard to the source of information. They look to the external, for a representation

of the spirit; an error they share with many of loftier pretensions. As we become more refined, the revelations of scandal cease to interest us, and we go to the records of genius. What do I wish to know of an author? Not his peculiarities of style, farther than his style represents the order of ideas in his mind. Not merely his thought, farther than it is a picture of the soul from which it springs. I would know something beyond these. Style, thought, manners; what are they but mediums, more or less transparent, through which shines the spirit? I read in vain unless I can look through these, and behold the author's soul. What kind of a soul is it? What is its relative position to other souls? How far has nature, and how far have circumstances, conspired to make it what it is? Is its horizon larger than my own? If so, I would dwell with it, until my own being can obtain its power of vision. If its sphere be more limited than my own, it is of no interest to me; for my circle already embraces its facts.

Now, the true critic is he who can discover this, through the obstructions of style, thought, and manners. The task is no light one. We do not know the characters of those with whom we have lived from infancy: some new train of circumstances calls forth a hidden power, and

essentially changes the spirit. How difficult, then, to read the soul of an author; to separate the genuine from the extraneous in expression; to know how many thoughts upon the mysteries around him, are *his* thoughts! The popular style imposes itself upon him, and forms an imperfect medium for the expression of his idea. His own thought is fragmentary, and reveals only a part of his mind; that which is not, and cannot be written, is always better than that which appears. A soul of wonderful capacity is often indicated by an imperfect expression, as the mines of Potosi were discovered by a few glittering clods clinging to the roots of a plant. Manners are to the moral sense what style is to the imagination; hints, not revelations.

These hints must the critic interpret. He must glide along the written thought, over the bridge that links it with the feeling existing at the moment of its birth, into the mysterious recesses of the soul. From what is spoken, he must infer what is felt. That which his author has partially uttered, must he see completely. The vision that gleamed for a moment and then faded, he must re-create from the few recorded impressions. The thought — so great that its trembling possessor was half afraid to utter it — must he interpret from the accents of a faltering

tongue. By the most delicate comparison of expressions, must he arrive at the actual condition of the writer's mind. If it is bound by system, attempt to discover those rare moments when genius and humanity broke away, and bore it, unconsciously, to a higher platform of observation. He must know when the angel descends, and troubles the sluggish waters; for only then will they possess a healing power. All his author's moods, ordinary and extraordinary; all things of which he is assured, and all things of which he is doubtful; at what point the mystery of the universe begins to him; the waverings of his spirit; the direction and rate of its progress; all these must be known. The true critic will not rest, until the mind of the author is thus reproduced — until he is in possession of something, compared with which the book is a trifling matter. When he has taken the spiritual latitude and longitude of his author, his duty is only to watch the variations from this, for all that may be written from the old position. The critic can now think as well as he. When we stand upon a mountain summit with another, we need not be informed of what lies beneath us, for we have eyes. When our neighbor rises, we ask to be drawn up to his mount of transfiguration.

Such is the distinction, imperfectly indicated, between criticism of 'the letter' and 'of the spirit.' No critic, however, can be ranked as entirely committed to either method. Each man oscillates between these extremes. The most material has his moments of inspiration; the most spiritual, his periods of conventionalism. There are no radicals or conservatives in politics or religion. Each man is a combination of both. So in criticism. Yet, as the individual inclines in one or the other direction, can we decide upon his position; whether he is congealed into the surface, petrified in materialism, or is escaping its bonds; whether the Holy Ghost strives daily with his soul, or whether he is delivered up to the devices of his own foolishness and obstinacy.

We may select, as fitting illustrations of these methods of criticism, the two great English Essayists of the present day — Carlyle and Macaulay. While the latter comprehends most of the excellences belonging to the prominent critics of his class, and appears as the highest development of one method, the former walks alone in the path he has chosen. A comparison of these writers will illustrate our two divisions of critical authors, better than further explanation.

In style, both are original. We use the term in the only sense it can now be used. That previous writers have exerted an influence upon the form in which their thoughts are embodied, cannot be denied. The influence of German culture is, doubtless, to be discovered in the style of Carlyle; while in Macaulay appear the elegance of Jeffrey, united to the directness of Smith, and the sparkling antithesis of Hazlitt. Yet neither is an imitator. Carlyle has combined the German and Saxon modes of expression into a form of incomparable power. His style, like that of Johnson, or Isaac Taylor, would be execrable in the hands of a weaker man. Like an immense machine, it requires the strength of a giant to direct its operations; but, when thus moved, is fearfully powerful. His paragraphs are like Milton's angels in battle. Now,

> 'From their foundations loosening to and fro,
> They pluck the seated hills with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by their shaggy tops,
> Uplifting, bear them in their hands.'

Now a blazing forest is torn from its roots, and hurled into an abyss, revealing the awful jagged sides in its lurid gleam. The radiance of sunlight alternates with the gloom and horror of midnight. He sketches, in startling succes-

sion, a series of pictures, sublime, grotesque, and fearful. While we are convulsed with laughter at his 'quackism' and 'sham heroes,' he tears aside the veil that hides the dim splendors of eternity, receding in infinite perspective. We are borne on by a crowd, in which beings of every description, from 'gigmen' to archangels, jostle each other. And equally powerful is he in his development of opinion. No man can, like him, disperse the clouds that obscure a great moral truth, and hold you fast in its dazzling light. Although his rapid transitions, and want of logical unity, cause indolent people to complain of obscurity, yet no lover of thought, gushing lifewarm from the heart of genius, could wish his mode of expression different.

The style of Macaulay combines the excellences of all the Edinburgh reviewers, with few of their defects. The occasional coarseness of Smith, and the pertness of Hazlitt, are repudiated. Concise in expression, yet luxuriant in illustration, clear as limpid water, yet adorned with all the graces of rhetoric, it relieves the dryness of the most abstract topics, and rises occasionally to a pomp of declamation, worthy the genius of Burke. There is no style so attractive to young writers, and none with which they are so in danger of burning their fingers.

Its decided form of expression, its dignified, yet caustic satire, and overflowing illustration, can be tolerated only from one, who, like its originator, is at home in the whole domain of literature, from the dates of a contested election, to the witcheries of Ariosto, and the sublimity of Homer.

In poetical criticism, the great dissimilarity of these authors first appears. Poetry, to Carlyle, is reality, the only reality in life. It is a recognition of the facts, and the mystery of existence, which lie open only to the vision of the imagination. Circumstances, time, space, all disappear before the awful fact of being. Only as a man becomes sensible of this mystery, and dwells in the shadow of it, can he have any true knowledge. To bow in humility before the infinite, awaiting in patience such revelations as may be given us; to penetrate through all 'world clothes' to the essence of each thing, which is its mystery; to see, under the robe and coil of the monk, beneath the crown of the king, the mitre of the bishop, and the woollen vest of the artisan, the same heart, torn by the same passions, oppressed by the same questions of eternal import, this, in his view, is the office of the poetical in man. Thus rhymers and elegant versifiers have no favor in his eyes.

The tribe of 'conscious' writers, who build fairy temples, and cull flowers upon the surface of existence, he recognizes not. Only such as write from the depths of 'unconsciousness,' oppressed by the wonder of the universe, standing upon the naked facts of being, will he rank among the 'few noble' who possess 'the vision and the faculty divine.'

To Macaulay, Poetry is a 'divine madness,' an indication of 'a certain unsoundness of mind.' The days of its perfection were the infancy of the race; when imagination was powerful, and judgment weak. As civilization and refinement advanced, the mystery of the universe disappears; and in some future age the world will be delivered up to the 'dry light' of the understanding. Wonder, sublimity, awe, delight, like shadows, will be chased away before the advancing beams of science! Poetry is fiction; a splendid fiction doubtless, yet no fact. Such is his theory, adopted in the earlier portion of his literary career. Yet it is but just to say, that we believe at times it sits loosely. Now and then, he steals a glimpse into the wonder-land; yet from his general direction he must still be regarded as a favorable development of the 'literal' school of critics. Keenly sensible of objective beauty and art, they seem destitute of the sense to

appreciate spiritual beauty, embodied in a transparent form.

The same peculiarities appear in the estimate of history, adopted by these writers. Carlyle looks only to the influence of great souls, 'Heroes,' upon the successive periods of civilization. At intervals, they stand like beacon lights on rocks, above the restless ocean of history, illuminating the circle of waves around them. Whenever such a man is created by God, the nations bend before him. He is the creator of literature, civilization, and laws. The true philosophy of history is to distinguish, accurately, the mission of these heroic spirits.

History, in the hands of Macaulay, assumes a more regular form. Great men are rather the productions of the ages, the aggregate of civilization, than missionaries from the living God. In his estimates, circumstances are more prominent, character less prominent, than in Carlyle. And yet, we think, in the estimation of historical periods and characters, the genius of Macaulay has achieved its highest triumphs. Here he writes above his theories and philosophy,—above himself. He announces the day of the emancipation of history from the slavery of details. He is a connecting point between 'Dry-as-dust,' and the true historical philosopher.

But it is in the true department of criticism, the power of *reproduction*, that Macaulay betrays his weakness, and Carlyle displays his peculiar strength. The critiques of Carlyle are revelations of the soul of his author. The inner world of the man is laid open. His books are used only as avenues to this 'holy of holies.' The dimensions of the author are taken, and his place indicated in the intellectual world. We know what we can expect from the man, where his power resides, how far he has looked into the darkness encircling him. Such are the reviews of Burns, Scott, Johnson, Jean Paul, Goethe, Schiller, Voltaire, Diderot, Mirabeau, and others. We feel them to be correct; for the souls of the men are exhibited, so that we can recognize the justice of the decision. It will not be pretended that Macaulay does this. He gives the outside of a man. Words, actions, manners, are critically noted; but the investigation does not proceed far inward. The criticism is skin-deep. Thus he is often perplexed by elements apparently contradictory in the characters of men; such contradictions as appear in the outward life of every one, and which only a deep analysis can reconcile.

Carlyle and Macaulay have reviewed 'The Life of Johnson.' The manner of each is char-

acteristic. In Boswell, Macaulay sees only the servile follower, — 'one of the smallest men that ever lived.' Nothing is seen but his 'officiousness, his inquisitiveness, effrontery, and toad eating.' And strangely enough, the reviewer ascribes his success in biography to these qualities. 'If he had not been a great fool, he would not have been a great writer.' Carlyle is not insensible to the ludicrous side of 'poor Bozzy,' but under all this folly and servility, is discovered a genuine element of reverence for genius, a love for greatness which was the cause of his success. He was foolish from excess of a good principle. He wrote from a true loving heart. In Macaulay's estimate of Johnson, we have all the distortions, all the defects, all the weakness of that noble soul. We rise from the book, feeling that the man was a strange compound of sense and affectation, pedantry and inconsistency. Our reverence for him is gone. We look upon him as a specimen of strong native power, overlaid and turned awry by the narrowest prejudices. Carlyle lays bare the great heroic heart of the man; and shows there a moral fervor, a love for sincerity, a patient endurance of suffering that claims our highest admiration. He shows us Johnson — Macaulay, the foibles, the peculiarities of Johnson. The criticism of the one

is a recognition of a great nature; the other is a microscopic estimation of ludicrous weaknesses.

The same observation will apply to all the individuals whose lives have been reviewed by these critics. We do not know the Hastings, Temple, Addison, and Frederic of Macaulay, as we know the Voltaire, Schiller, Cagliostro, and Abbot Samson of Carlyle. The former appear as we should see them in public; we know as much of them as a shrewd man would obtain from a few ceremonious interviews. The latter are living men; we know them more truly than they know themselves; we perceive their ruling passion, their possibilities as well as their actual mental condition. The delineations of Macaulay are exquisite portraits; the representations of Carlyle, actual persons.

It would be pleasing to continue this analysis of the mind of Carlyle, to speak of him as the interpreter of the German to the English mind, as a historian, philosopher, and moralist; but our limits forbid. As an original and just critic, a brilliant and philosophical historian, a profound and earnest moralist, we regard him with the highest reverence. That he will teach another generation to discover many defects in his own style and thought, we cannot deny. But his work is a noble one. Opinions and idiosyncra-

cies are changing and fleeting; but he who opens to a nation's mind a new *method* of study, confers a great and lasting benefit. This has Carlyle done; and when his errors shall be the subject of school-boy criticism, his name will be reverenced as the chief of modern British Essayists.

EDA.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

Ye are my sisters, flowers! I lived with you
In the green valleys, where we loved the sun,
And slept beneath the falling of the dew
That ever came to us when day was done.
I bore intensest music in my breast,
That none could hear; yet stifled were not long
Those burning lays. My soul had never rest
Till in the nightingale I poured my song, —
The nightingale, who sat the livelong night
Rising and falling on the dewy bough,
Waking young lovers to come forth and plight
Beneath the moon, love's passionate first vow.

I have passed through all forms of sensate life;
My being filled the wave, the leaf, the tree!
Upward I ever rose; no fear, nor strife,
No sin I knew — only the Deity!
I skimmed along the ocean — dipped my wing
In the soft reflex of the golden cloud —
Rose on the vapory hues of love-warm spring —
Burst a young insect from the chrysaline shroud —
Sported beneath the green waves of the sea —
Left my white shell upon the shining beach —

Slept with the brown doe on his folded knee —
Flooded a young child's breast — and gushed in human
speech!

Among her mates young Eda stood abashed —
Dull was her eye, — her step constrained and slow;
No smile was on her lip, — no feeling flashed
From her soft cheek, paler than moonlit snow.
The master was among them questioning.
All laughed at Eda, for her thoughts were weak;
'You have no *soul!* you are a stupid thing!'
The master cried, and struck her tender cheek.

My life flowed into her. Her bosom shook,
Her eye grew dark as midnight's and as bright;
Her cheek blushed warm with quickening joy, — her look
Grew rapt and radiant with the inner light!
'Oh yes! I *have* a soul!' she bravely said;
'I feel it swell my heart, and crowd my brain;
A flood of beauty seems to fill my head,
And thoughts fall over me like sudden rain!'

That soul was me. And I am Eda now,
And I have sisters all throughout the earth.
Ye, little flowers, are such, that lowly bow
Before the wind, unnoted in your birth.
And you, young leaves that quiver on the tree,
And you, sweet-singing, ever-wakeful birds,
And even thou, gold-legged, buzzing bee,
And all ye bounding flocks and musing herds.

I left you each, my sisters, as I rose
Upward in knowledge, feeling, life, and power.
So ye shall rise. Our life has no repose;
Ye, too, shall each one have your *human* hour,
And pass beyond it! Whither, who can tell?
Ultimately unto God! Thence came we here.
Up the great orbit, down whose curve we fell,
We shall ascend again into his sphere!
Be hopeful, little ones! The way seems long, —
'T is ever long, O God! from us to Thee!
Yet what shall bow the infinitely strong,
Made, as we are, to be — and be — and BE!

SOCIAL REFORM.

FROM AN UNPRINTED LECTURE ON 'THE EMANCIPATION OF LABOR.'

BY HORACE GREELEY.

* * * * A LIMITATION of the hours of labor, once accomplished, will be valuable mainly for the opportunity it proffers — the prospect it opens. 'The end is not yet;' very far from it. If the worker, released from excessive drudgery in the mill or the shop, shall misimprove his new-found leisure in the groggery, the cigar store, the gambling den, or other haunts of vileness, it were well for him if he had remained a patient, abject drudge for life. And herein is the discouragement of many, from all effort to improve the physical and temporal condition of the less fortunate laboring class. They can only see that more wages give more liquor, and more leisure incites to more dissipation. Alas! let us confess, in deep humility and sorrow, that there

is a deplorable truth at the bottom of this. Yet no — I think it is *not* at the bottom, but nearer the surface. Fearfully true it is, that many of the men whose lives are mechanical merely, — whose days are consecrated to drudgery, and the gloom of whose narrow tenements is rarely softened by the sun of hope, — *do* usually spend their hours snatched from toil in degrading, brutalizing sensualities; so as to give plausibility to the conclusion, that they would be better if they had no leisure at all, and no resources beyond the means of supplying the barest necessaries of life. But the logic which thence infers that the victim of incessant toil and meagre recompense ought ever to remain such, is that which exalts slavery into a divine and beneficent institution, and proves war a general blessing, by demonstrating the average worthlessness, or worse, of those it employs and consumes. We must stop this arguing from existing vices, in support of the abuses which created them. Let us give human nature a fair trial, and see if it utterly lack sense, as well as any glimmering of virtue, before we pronounce it a hopeless failure, to be managed only with the strait-jacket and the halter. Let us have a fair and full trial of a laboring class thoroughly educated, not overworked, fairly remunerated, with ample leisure

and adequate opportunities for social, moral, and intellectual culture and enjoyment; and then, if the hard-handed multitude shall still persist in squandering their leisure and their means in riot and dissipation, we must sadly, reluctantly, but utterly, abandon all hope of a better day coming for the toiling millions, and leave them to the tender mercies of the griper, the forestaller, the pawnbroker, the grog-seller, as fair game. Whether the land-pirate strip the wreck, or the sea swallow it, what matter? But I cannot doubt that a better social condition, enlarged opportunities of good, an atmosphere of humanity and hope, would insure a nobler and truer character; and that the dens of dissipation will cease to lure those whom a proper education has qualified, and whom excessive toil has not disqualified, for the improvement of liberty and leisure. At all events, the momentous consequences depending should impel a speedy trial of the experiment, and insure a fair trial.

The difficulties which impede any plan of rational and thorough reform are never slight, and cannot be surmounted at a breath. And, unfortunately, when our machinery fails to work out the desired result, we are usually too imperfectly acquainted with the subject of our high emprise, to detect the real cause of our disap-

pointment. The shortness of vision which caused our failure, disables us for correcting it. Here a fond father, of small intellectual attainment, having been often rendered painfully conscious of his own deficiency, resolves to lavish his hard-earned coin, to give his son the very best — that is, the most expensive — education. He pushes him sturdily through school, academy, and university; qualifies him (so far as he can) for a profession; and, after all, young Hopeful turns out a blockhead or a blackguard, a drunkard or a swindler. Forthwith the sorely disappointed parent rushes to the conclusion, that *education* is a curse and a cheat — that an honest man is better without it than with it. He does not consider that his failure has proved, not that education is worthless, but that his son has not been educated; that the training he has paid so much for either was not true education, or that it has been counteracted and overborne by the false and pernicious teaching of the street, the bar-room, the revel, — very possibly of the paternal fireside itself. So we, when we affirm that this or that change would be beneficial, cannot say but that *other* influences may take simulaneous effect, and more than counterbalance all the good effects of this. Nay, more: that which is good in itself has often fallen upon an evil

ground, and been turned to evil by the baleful conjunction. From no partial data can we predict the formation of a true and genial character. It must be the product of the whole circle of influences surrounding the individual, from birth to intellectual and physical maturity.

Here, then, is the basis of our demand for that integral and all-pervading reform in the circumstances and conditions of human existence, which we term ASSOCIATION, and in which rests my hope of a better day at hand for the down-trodden millions. Association affirms that every child born into the world has a rightful claim upon the community around him for subsistence, until able to earn for himself; for an education which shall enable him to earn efficiently, as well as rightly to improve and enjoy; and for opportunity to earn at all times, by honest industry steadily employed and justly remunerated. These it affirms as the common rights of humanity, denied or subverted as to many by our present social arrangements, but which society ought to be and must be so recast as to establish and secure. It wars upon no rights of property, would take nothing from the rich to bestow on the poor, nor does it ask that any shall abandon his elegant private mansion and social exclusiveness, until and unless he shall see

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fit, of his own motion, to do so; but it does solicit the wealthy, the refined, the philanthropic, the religious, to invest something of their pecuniary means in, and give something of their countenance and good wishes to, all earnest efforts of the laboring class to emancipate and elevate themselves. The endeavor will be resolutely and perseveringly made, even though wealth coldly frown, and theology mistakenly denounce; and it will ultimately succeed, though a thousand failures should be encountered, and the present generation of its advocates be long previously laid in obscure, unhonored graves. To short-sighted human impatience it now seems deplorable, that philanthropy and Christianity do not instantly rally the influential and the affluent to our aid, and enable us to demonstrate the feasibility of a vast and beneficial social reform forthwith; but I doubt not, that those who shall ultimately reap where we have sown will clearly perceive that the providential direction was far wiser than our haste, and that our rebuffs and disappointments were a part of the necessary agencies whereby their success was rendered perfect and enduring.

Every manufacturing village, every extensive manufactory, is a striking evidence of the immensely increased efficiency which ORGANIZA-

TION imparts to human labor. A population of thirty thousand, whose efforts are controlled and directed by a few superior minds, accomplish results which one hundred thousand, laboring separately, and thus capriciously, fail to achieve. In like manner, we see an ably commanded army of two hundred thousand veterans overrun and subdue with ease a kingdom of ten millions of people, as brave, perhaps, and as robust as their conquerors, but lacking unity, discipline, and competent leading. Thus, too, the manufacturing city or village usually accumulates wealth faster than the surrounding country; its command of natural forces being much greater, and its labor being far better organized, and therefore more efficient. Hence the appearance of one of our manufacturing villages, standing, like some magical exhalation, on a plat of ground,—perhaps familiar to my boyhood as a waste of rock or sand,—is to me a cheering spectacle; not so much for what it actually is, as for what it suggests and foreshadows. I reflect by whose labor and toil all this aggregation of wealth—this immense capacity of producing more wealth—have been called into existence; and I say, If these rugged toilers are able to accomplish so much for *others*, why may they not, ultimately, do even more for *themselves*? Why may not

they who cut the timber, and burn the brick, and mix the mortar, and shape the ponderous machinery, ultimately build something like this of their own? Why may not their sisters and daughters, in time, spin and weave as the partners, rather than the hirelings, of the mill-owners? Why may we not give to labor a republican organization, as we have, in defiance of a croaking world, given one to government; so that the workers shall freely choose their own chiefs or overlookers, regulate their own hours of daily toil, and divide its products according to a preconcerted scale, whose sole end shall be mutual and universal justice? Is labor so intractable, so senseless, that it can never run its appointed race without a rider? Let us at least hope not.

Let me rudely sketch you a village, township, school district, or whatever you may term it, organized as we would have it, and as we hope many ultimately will be. The basis is a faith among the associates or members, that they can live harmoniously with, and deal justly by, each other; treating any casual imperfections, which may be developed, with forbearance and kindness. One hundred families, animated by this spirit, resolve to make an attempt toward a more trustful and genial life; and, to that end, sell off,

as they can, their immovable possessions, and resolve to seek a new home together — we will say, in Michigan or Wisconsin. They send out two or three chosen leaders, who, after careful examination, select and purchase a tract of one to five thousand acres, as their means will warrant, embracing the largest circle of advantages — timber, prairie, water-power, convenience for transportation, &c. &c. They have carefully foreseen that proper building materials, including brick or stone, lime, timber, are to be obtained with facility. Mills are erected, and various branches of manufacturing established, as fast as they are needed, or as there is any labor which can be spared for and advantageously employed therein. New members, who bid fair to be desirable accessions, are received, on due probation, as fast as there may be accommodations for them, and as they can be profitably employed. If a blacksmith, a carpenter, a brickmaker, or glazier, is wanted, he is obtained by hiring; until, among the wide circle of friends or acquaintances of the members, or elsewhere, one is found who would like to unite his fortunes with the phalanx, and who is deemed a worthy associate. Thus they go on, producing abundant food and other raw staples, steadily extending the bounds of their cultivated area, and

increasing its products; enjoying, at least, the necessaries of life, and doing without the superfluities, until they are enabled to obtain them without running in debt. Soon an edifice, intended for the permanent home of them all, is commenced and finished piece-meal, in the most substantial manner; fire-proof so nearly, that fire could not spread from one section to another; and so planned that the whole may be warmed, lighted, supplied with water, and cleared of refuse, by arrangements answering as well for a thousand persons as for one. Three or four large and spacious kitchens, barns, granaries, &c., &c., supplied with every convenience, would answer the purpose of three or four hundred under our present economy; saving vast amounts now lost by waste, vermin, the elements, &c. &c. A tenth part of the labor now required for household service, procuring fuel, &c., &c., would suffice; while that now consumed in journeys to the mill, the store, the blacksmith, the shoemaker, and the like, would be saved entirely. There would be abundant employment in the various branches of industry pursued, for all ages, capacities, tastes; and all that would be saved in the kitchen and the woods could be advantageously and agreeably employed in the gardens and nurseries, the mills and factories.

The productive force of this population would be vastly greater than under existing arrangements; while its economies, in other respects, would be immense. For a brief season, admit that these advantages would be counterbalanced by inexperience and perverseness; that some would refuse to work where they were needed, and insist on working where they would be comparatively inefficient, or nowhere; that bickerings and jealousies would arise, and that some would feel that their work was not adequately credited and remunerated. I foresee all these difficulties, and more. Yet I see, also, the *end* being kept steadily in view — that of having no unproductive labor, or as little as possible; rewarding all work done according to its absolute worth, and charging each head of a family the simple cost of what he had; the rent of his exclusive rooms, and the actual outlay for the subsistence and education of his family; in short, establishing social justice throughout — there would be a constant tendency and approximation toward the state of things desired, and the harmony which must result from it. The defects of one year would suggest the remedies of the next; and each year's adjustment of accounts would be more satisfactory than the last.

The immense advantages of such an arrange-

ment, with reference to universal education, need hardly be pointed out. I am not accustomed to take desponding views of human progress and destiny, yet I confess that the existing condition of the children of destitution and vice with regard to education is most appalling. Grant that the means of education be rendered ever so abundant and accessible; how are the denizens of cellars and garrets, subsisting precariously on the products of chance employment and beggary, ever to be truly and thoroughly instructed? The angel may trouble the waters incessantly; but who shall guarantee that these cripples get down to the pool? They are unclad, uncouth, with the manners and feelings which befit the Pariahs of society, — nay, they must devote to their poor ways of getting a living, the time demanded by the school, or sink into still deeper misery. Make schools as free and abundant as possible, and there will still be a class — I fear, increasing in number — who will be withheld by extreme poverty and consequent shabbiness, by the stolid ignorance or drunkenness of their parents, by infirmities which forbid their attendance on a school located at some distance from their homes, by the thousand consequences of want, uncertainty, disease, and vice, from the acquirement of a proper education. But in an

association such as we contemplate, the thorough intellectual, moral, and physical education of each will be the direct and palpable *interest* of all, — a matter of the highest and most intimate concern. The cost of the books now scattered in five hundred dwellings will procure one ample and comprehensive library, with the apparatus and materials required to demonstrate the truths of chemistry, and the whole range of natural science. The best teachers in every branch will in time be selected, those who unite a natural capacity for teaching, with the fullest attainments, and who do not need the stimulus of high salaries to induce them to devote some hours of each day to the inculcation of knowledge, industry, and virtue. Frequent and agreeable alternations from the school-room to the garden, the factory, the halls and grounds set apart for exercise and recreation, will benefit alike teachers and scholars, giving a zest to learning as well as industry, unknown to our monotonous drudgery, whether of work or study. In short, I see no reason why the wildest dreams of the fanatical believer in human progress and perfectibility may not ultimately be realized, and each child so trained as to shun every vice, aspire to every virtue, attain to the highest practicable skill in art, and efficiency in industry; loving and pursuing honest,

untasked labor, for the health, vigor and peace of mind thence resulting, as well as for its more palpable rewards; and joyfully recognizing in universal the only assurance of individual good.

Doubtless, the realization of such visions is yet far off; for the actual and the possible of human character are still immensely separated. We cannot wonder that Heaven seems so distant, while Hell is so near. To the slave dancing to the music of the lash in some Carolina rice-swamp, idleness with abundance of victuals is the highest ideal of existence; not so to Oberlin or Wilberforce. The dingy, back-bent hireling in some gloomy, unwholesome den of Mammon, whither he is summoned from his sleep by a bell, while his bones yet ache with yesterday's protracted toil, will have most difficulty in realizing that he, too, might, under different auspices, take delight and pride in the very task he now performs so grudgingly. But give him a true education, an unfailing home, a direct interest in the product of his labor, and thus in its excellence, an equal voice in chosing his superiors, and an equal chance to be chosen if found worthy; workshops planned and constructed with express reference to his health and comfort, himself and family the social equals of all around them, and his children as well educated as any, with equal

chances of attaining distinction and honor; and you will find him an entirely different being. Idleness and dissipation are the paradise of the overtaxed body and the vacant mind; for the rightly trained and developed, they have no fascinations.

Whenever the class of hired laborers shall be brought to realize, that a beneficently radical reform in its condition and its relations is practicable, then that reform will be on the high road to its accomplishment. It is the desperate character and complication of the disease, that render its cure so difficult. So long as the mass of those who must live as hirelings, by rude manual toil, have no minds above their lot, — no aspirations beyond Blue Monday, — it will be difficult, indeed, to achieve any substantial improvement in their condition. It is a melancholy fact, that while it has hitherto required comparatively no effort to rally the millions in behalf of an effort to rend and destroy, — to tear down and scatter abroad, — it has been difficult to bring them to realize that the work to be done in their behalf is one of patience, not of wrath; of construction, not destruction; of elevation, not abasement; and that the absolute extinction of the capitalist class would avail them nothing for good, very much for evil, so

long as the *principles* which exalt the few and depress the many are left in unchecked operation. Marat was sure there was no other way to make good *Sans Culottes* of the rich, but to strip them to their last garment. But stripping them could avail little for good, without clothing those already naked; and then these have become proper subjects for the stripping operation in turn. You thus wear out what clothes there are, while restraining every one from making more, yet nobody is permanently clad. All is confusion, violence, unthrift, uncertainty; until, by-and-by, some strong-armed soldier throws his sword into the scale, and anarchy is supplanted by despotism. Such is the unvarying history of revolutions impelled by hatred and the envious passion for tearing down, — the same anciently, recently, now, and evermore.

True reform has its origin in a different spirit, and contemplates a different end. It recognizes all men as brethren, and desires the emancipation of the miser and monopolist, no less than of the hireling and the drudge; the slave of his own money-bags, no less than the slave of another's water-wheel. It recognizes the truth, that the social evils which afflict mankind have their origin in the errors, not of a part, but of all, and that by the coöperation of all should they be

overcome. It compassionates not more the weary servitor of the loom or the hod, than the plethoric victim of dyspepsia or hypochondria, dying by inches for the want of that healthful exercise of body and mind which nothing but the consciousness of sinews usefully employed and time laudably spent can really give. It wars with no existing rights, — it would deal gently even with established wrongs, where it can do so without treason to human well-being. Its aims are not narrow, nor envious, nor vindictive; and it would be led to distrust itself, if those from time to time won to its standard were not elevated and purified thereby. When the strong arms and stout hearts of the men of rugged toil shall have rallied around its standard, it hopes that, however long deferred may be its triumph, *their* gain will be immediate and certain; for it will have commenced in themselves.

But — sad necessity! — Esau must have pottage. Priceless is his birthright; but its use seems distant, while hunger is sorely pinching him now. We must not be surprised nor provoked, that those who most palpably need a true social reform seem most indifferent to its accomplishment, and least willing to make the efforts and sacrifices essential thereto. The hopeless infidelity of the most depressed as to any real

improvement of their social condition, is one of the strongest demonstrations of its necessity, and of the duty of those a little less unfortunate to struggle manfully and ungrudgingly in the cause of universal reform.

Let us take courage from the evidences of progress all around us. It is hardly half a century since the slave-trade was in its glory, and men eminent in church and state made fortunes by engaging in it without reproach or scruple. We have yet doctors of divinity, who justify the buying and selling of mothers from their children; but this is evidently dying out, and in a few years sermons proving slavery a bible institution will be advertised as antique curiosities. So of privateering, war, and the traffic in intoxicating liquors. To our impatient spirits, the march of improvement often seems mournfully slow; but when we consider where the world is, and where it has been — how recently, for instance, a man could only speak against slavery, however temperately and guardedly, at the hazard of personal violence and defilement, while press after press, on bare suspicion that it *would* be used to disseminate anti-slavery, was destroyed by mob violence, and in one instance the life of its heroic owner and defender along with it,— and now, the strolling abolition lecturer is more

likely to be mobbed for asserting that anybody in the free states justifies or palliates slavery than for condemning it himself; we ought to be assured that the age which has given us railroads and locomotives, steam presses, and electric telegraphs, will not pass away without having effected or witnessed a vast change for the better, alike in the moral and the physical condition of mankind.

For that change, let us faithfully labor and undoubtingly hope. Whether its consummation shall take the precise form which you or I now anticipate or prefer, who shall say? Nay, who need seriously care? Enough that we know well that all things are wisely ordered by one whose observation no sparrow's fall can escape; in whose providence no generous effort can fail of its reward. It cannot be that the vastly increased intelligence, philanthropy, productive capacity, and industrial energy of our age shall fail to leave their impress upon the condition of even the most abject and least fortunate of our race. We could not retard the great forward movement of humanity, if we would; but each of us may decide for himself whether to share in the glory of promoting it, or incur the shame of having looked on, coldly and indifferently, preferring present ease and pleasure to the stern calls of

duty, the soft pleadings of human brotherhood, bidding us 'remember those in bonds as bound with them.' Each age summons its own heroes; ours demands those who will labor, and if need be suffer reproach, in behalf of a social order based on universal justice, not the dominion of power over need; on the spirit of Christianity, not the supremacy of Mammon. The struggle may be long, but the issue cannot be doubtful. Fortunate shall they be esteemed by future generations, who are privileged to stand in earth's noblest Thermopylæ, and battle for the rights, for the hopes, for the enduring good, of humanity through all time to come. It is a distinction to which the loftiest might well aspire, but which proffers opportunity alike to the humblest. Who would slumber through life ingloriously when such crowns are to be won?

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The Tomb said to the Rose:
'With the tears the morning throws
O'er thee, what doest thou?'
The Rose said to the Tomb:
'With him who to thy gloom
Goes down, what doest thou?'

The Rose said: 'Mournful Tomb,
With these tear-drops I perfume,
Amber sweet, the dusky brake.'
The Tomb said: 'Rose, each soul
That comes unto my goal,
I a heavenly angel make.'

S. C. E. M.

THE CHILD OF THE AGE.

BY C. F. LE FEVRE.

THERE have arisen, from time to time in the world, men of such mighty minds, such vast acquisitions, and such persevering labor, that instead of the age giving birth to them, they may rather be considered as giving birth to the age. From them a new era has arisen, a new epoch been dated, a new age begun. When succeeding generations have had occasion to refer to the time in which they flourished, they have noted the period by introducing the name which has rendered the age memorable. They have not given the date of the year, but the date of the man. Of this character was Sir Francis Bacon. He made the age in which he lived. He found a vain, trifling, and unprofitable philosophy prevalent in the world, a kind of wild *ignis fatuus*, leading the student over barren moors and treacherous quagmires, shining brightest where there was most noxious vapor to feed it, and

going out when it approached a healthy and cultivated soil. He undertook to revolutionize the world of letters. He called on no man to help him; he relied solely on his own gigantic powers, and the resources of his capacious mind. He made *utility* the object of his labors; reason, knowledge, facts, were the sturdy weapons he used for destroying the fantasies of that dreamy philosophy in which the men of learning indulged. He dissipated fiction by presenting realities. He started the world from its slumbers by flashing on it the true light of science; and thus, by his own unaided efforts, dreams and visions, and fancies vanished, and truth stood forth revealed and tangible.

Such was the case with Peter the Great. On his accession to the sceptre of the Czars, he found a rude, uncultivated, and semi-barbarous people. From these unpromising materials he determined to build up an empire, that should be second to none among the powers of Europe. To effect this, he resolved to make example precede precept. He laid aside the robes of royalty, and assumed the humble garb of a mechanic; and with a stout heart, a sinewy arm, and an axe in his hand, he hewed out a throne not less novel in its workmanship than in its workman, and impregnable in its strength. He had learned

from foreign sources, that there was a different manner of living and reigning, from what had unhappily prevailed throughout his vast and miserable empire. But that this extraordinary man must have been born with uncommon greatness of soul, is evident from the fact, that, though born a prince, he was still willing to listen to the voice of a stranger, and to divest himself of the prejudices, both of a throne and of his country. He was sensible that, as yet, neither himself nor his people were to be reckoned among men, and that in forming his empire he could have no assistance at home. From this conviction he took the resolution to leave his dominions, and set out, like another Prometheus, to borrow celestial fire for animating his countrymen. His success was commensurate with his high daring, and the fruits of his self-denial ripened even in his life-time; and before the close of his career, he saw the arts flourish, learning and science cultivated, cities built, and law and order prevail.

Sometimes, indeed most frequently, the age makes the man. It calls forth energies which have lain dormant for want of circumstances to arouse them. There are doubtless many great men living; but their greatness may not be manifested for want of great occasions to elicit their powers. Patriots have invariably been formed

by circumstances. Tyranny, oppression, and usurpation, are the elements that call into activity the agency of patriotic spirits; and these latter are the thunder and lightning that roar and flash to relieve the surcharged atmosphere. Thus Switzerland has had its Tell, England its Sydney and Hampden, America its Washington. But we should certainly very greatly err, were we to conclude that with them the light was extinguished, and that no more such spirits exist. They will be found in every place where their presence is needed. They shall come out from thronged cities, from still hamlets, from the din and bustle of busy life, from the haunts and shades of repose. The merchant shall shut up his ledger, and turn his back upon his gains; the student shall close his book; the mechanic drop his hammer; the farmer leave his plough in the furrow. Where corruption has reached a certain height, there the electric fluid will generate. The disease shall supply its own antidote. Who can meditate among the tombs, or tread the ground consecrated to the repose of the slumberers in death, and not feel the force of what the poet has so feelingly expressed? —

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.'

We must not, however, be so carried away with great names and high achievements, as to overlook or despise the humble claimants to our gratitude. We must not be so dazzled with the splendor of the sun, as to forget the less brilliant luminaries who cheer us with their feeble light. We are about to introduce to the friendly attention of the reader a heroine unknown to fame, but not less deserving of her notice; one for whom we fondly fancy, when we shall have immortalized her in these pages, a choice niche shall be reserved in the temple; one who has taken the impress of the times, and stands revealed to the world as an impersonation of its near approach to perfection, embracing in herself all the excellences of developed humanity. When one so highly endowed is introduced to our notice, we cannot be uninterested in the slightest particulars that may be preserved in the historic page from the dull waters of oblivion. It is very gratifying to the biographer of the illustrious individual, whose life he is about to record, that he can be very particular in the minor points of her existence. From her first

inspiration of the vital fluid, to her passage to the better state, he has the whole map of her being before him. The name, parentage, education, disposition, actions, and final surrender of herself to him who claimed her, have all been faithfully transcribed, and are, no doubt, destined to form a very important chapter in the book of chronicles which now lies open, and shall not be closed till the expiration of this century.

It has been sometimes very impertinently inquired, What is in a name? There is a great deal in a name, when that name is properly applied. It is, when appropriate, what it ought to be — an index to the contents of the volume; it is the sign-board that invites you to put up at the house where you shall find a comfortable and reasonable entertainment; it is, if the comparison will suit you better, the bill of fare, naming the dishes with which your choice is to be accommodated. The parents of the subject of this memoir felt that there was an importance in names. Experience had shown them, that a very shabby name was but too likely to make a very shabby fellow, whereas names of a dignified and sonorous character were likely to inspire a corresponding greatness; for the fortunate possessor would feel, from a very early age, that he

had a name that was not to be trifled with. He would be, at least, something in the world, if it were only for his namesake. It is true that this opinion may be objected to by the caviller; but what opinion, however sound or agreeable to reason and philosophy, has not had its opposers? It may be asked with an air of triumph, as if the argument were conclusive, Why do we find so many dolts and effeminate dandies in this country, with the names of Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, and Lafayette? A very sufficient answer may be given. These names have been abridged, mutilated, caricatured; and the individual who might have occupied a proud eminence, if he had always been addressed by his legitimate appellative, has dwindled down to a stunted and scrubby dwarf, by curtailing him of the true proportions of his name. Who could hope to see his offspring toil up the hill of science, or reap laurels in the tented field, who had been defrauded of his good name, and was only known as Franky and Jeffy, Washy and Laffy? Why, the very thought is preposterous; you might as well hope to make a scholar, and steal the leaves from his book, or a soldier, and take away the blade of his sword. The parents of our heroine were not thus inconsiderate; they knew the value of a name, and they determined that it

should be kept inviolate. It has been said that, in the days of the Puritans, a child was very significantly named, 'By much tribulation we enter the kingdom of heaven.' The child was asked by a gentleman what his mother called him in general, without preaching the whole sermon, and his reply was 'Tribby;' an abbreviation, no doubt, for Tribulation. Here we see a wise measure frustrated by this iniquitous practice. Had the whole of that name been sounded in the ears of that child, without fraudulently abstracting a portion, he would probably have made a minister, or at least a deacon; whereas it is more than an equal chance that Master 'Tribby' turned out a scapegrace.

As ardent admirers of the progress of the times, and intending that this cherished child should occupy an eminent position, her parents named her SPIRITUALINA. It was a happy thought, and plainly indicated that, though in a natural sense she was the child of her parents, yet in a higher, better, and metaphorical sense, she was the 'CHILD OF THE AGE.' We have seen the world characterized under the title of the golden, silver, brass, and iron ages, thus showing that hitherto the highest condition of humanity has not risen above the dross of earth. Happy are we who live in better days! Happy

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are we, that mind, and soul, and spirit, are now the things to which attention is devoted! What promise does it afford that man, in his upward and onward progress, will attain heights hitherto unthought of!

Every thing was propitious to the formation of the character of our heroine. Her father belonged to the school of transcendentalists, and had become a ripe scholar. The lofty imaginings of his mind were revealed in language of corresponding sublimity. It was impossible to be in his company for any length of time, without being sensible that you were in communion with a superior being. Borne away by the force of his expressions, you found yourself in the clouds. Here you hovered above earth and earthly things, and inhaled an atmosphere truly inflating. It would, however, sometimes occur, that, having borne you aloft to these untravelled regions, his powers would be expended, and you would come down with a rapidity greater than that with which you ascended. The consequence was, that the force of the fall rendered both the bearer and the borne exceedingly flat. This was not, however, a common occurrence; generally speaking, when he was mounted on his high horse — as it was sometimes invidiously remarked — he kept his seat, and allowed his

auditor to come down at his own pace and leisure.

Her mother, Celestiana, was not a whit behind her father, in this peculiar construction of the mind; and this happy union of feeling and spirit operated most favorably on their daughter. There was no jar, no discordance, no bustle; but such a pleasing, soothing, quiet, and dreamy state of things, as produced a most delicious monotony. Under such happy influences, it is no matter of astonishment if Spiritualina was docile and amiable: this she was in an eminent degree, and, from having nothing to ruffle her temper, some supposed that she had no temper at all. How far this was true, the biographer cannot say; but it would not be safe to adopt such a conclusion too hastily, for, placid as the bosom of the deep may be, when the skies are serene and the winds are hushed, yet when the heavens are black and the storm is unchained, angry billows *will* rise. One thing, however, is very certain — she was kind, gentle, affectionate, and very obedient to her parents. Thus she passed the spring of life, loving and beloved — conferring happiness on others, and receiving it for herself.

There have been, at the birth of illustrious individuals, extraordinary events, serving as omens

to point out those qualities for which they would afterwards be distinguished. The infant Hercules was visited in his cradle by two serpents; and the baby gave token of his future prowess, by twisting their necks. This was very smart for so young a child. Of one of the ancient poets it is said, that the bees came and rested on his lips while yet a child; and this foreshadowed what afterwards came to pass, that honeyed accents should flow from his tongue. Spiritualina had also her omen. The residence of her parents was in the country; a pretty house, with a lawn and shrubbery in front, and a garden in the rear. She came into existence in the spring of the year, when every bud and every flower was bursting into life; and, on the morning of her nativity, a skylark was seen to soar directly over the cottage, and herald her birth with its sweetest strains. This event, trifling as it may appear to those who never rise above the things of sense and appetite, was treasured up in the hearts of the parents, as a thing to be remembered and pondered upon. They could consider it nothing less than a promise of the upward tendency of their daughter's spirit, and that, in accordance with the progress of the age, her motto, like that of her native state, would be EXCELSIOR; higher and higher still.

It is not to be wondered at, that the parents of this child of promise should note, with great precision, the lights and shades of her dawning mind. Narrowly did they watch every action, weigh every word, scrutinize every look; and, unless a person was prejudiced *against* Spiritualina, — which her parents certainly were *not*, and therefore must have been impartial judges, — it must be allowed, on all hands, that she was a most uncommon child.

When our heroine had attained her fifth year, it was deemed expedient to submit her to the examination of a professor of PHRENOLOGY. This was an important day for her anxious parents; and they waited with trembling that revelation which should unfold the flower, while the blossom was still shut up in the bud. It was the examination of the egg shell, to determine what would be the color and complexion of the chicken. There are some who have no faith in phrenology, and no confidence in its professors. I am sorry for it. It shows but too plainly how men may be wedded to old paths, and how difficult it is to induce them to follow a more excellent way. In the infancy of the science, this infidelity was more excusable. It was not contrary to the dictates of good sense to receive with caution a doctrine which claimed to 'go

a-head' of all others. People might, with some show of reason, suppose that there might possibly be a lack of brains in those who so readily volunteered to weigh and calculate the amount of brains in their neighbors. It was not only a new theory, but, practically, a very delicate affair. A man who submitted his cranium to the inspection of the phrenologist, must expect to have all his sins brought to light — all his weak spots exposed. A man was read, as the saying is, just like a book. There was no escape; not a little corner, crevice, or cranny, was exempt from the piercing research. With this key to the human character, the whole building was ransacked. Did alimentiveness prevail? '*Open sesame,*' says the professor, and the larder and cellar of the mind were at once unlocked, and the viands and wines brought forth. Was secretiveness the prevailing disposition? The strong box and iron safe had to yield. Herring's patent salamander may preserve the treasure from the flames or the thief; but who can discover a receptacle in the mind, in which the light-fingered professor will not penetrate? Was combativeness prominent? Straightway the kennel is exhibited, and the mastiff unchained. Is stubbornness the besetting sin? In the twinkling of an eye, the donkey is led from the stall. Thus

the whole premises were explored, and no place of concealment left. These things were very mortifying; but, happily, they were balanced by others of a directly opposite tendency. 'The man of feeling' put his hand upon the top of the head, and the joyful discovery was made of a striking elevation; and, when the mountain brought forth, it was not a mouse that ran out, but a store-house was opened; and through the wide portals might be seen barrels of flour, heaps of potatoes, suits of clothes, piles of blankets, and cords of wood. These were generally intended for the 'home department;' but there was a separate place for foreign consumption, made up of 'little articles of clothing.' This was under the direction of that feature of benevolence that was governed by religious veneration — a neighboring hill on the cranium; — and these offerings were devoted to the children of the frigid Esquimaux, and the little shiny Hottentots. Then the hand would descend to the back part of the head, and philoprogenitiveness would introduce you into the nursery. A single peep would satisfy the merest tyro in the art. There were the cradle and other unmistakable appendages; there was its tiny occupant, with its laughing face, its paddies stretched out, and its tootsy-pootsy sticking through the coverlid.

In young married folks, this organ was well marked. It is unnecessary to enlarge on particulars.

Phrenology is no longer a speculation, a plausible theory, a fancy, a whim, or an imagination; but a sure, absolute, and certain science. It can and *does* furnish a chart of the mind, on which are described all its variations. It is a true, exact, and topographical survey; all its features are marked with mathematical precision; and one can no more fail knowing the disposition of a man, and how he will act under certain circumstances, than in finding the way from New York to Boston, or steering his course up Salt River. What wondrous advantage has this science been to mankind! How hopeless is the case of the sharper now! Who is disappointed in trusting his neighbor, or loaning him his money now-a-days! Who has to study the character of the girl he intends to marry? There is a short and sure road to the inner man. When the command is once complied with: 'Gentlemen will please take off their hats, and ladies lay aside their bonnets;' the whole tale is told; the mind has no longer any mysteries; all is clear as the day. You look out upon the landscape, and hill and dale, mountain and valley, height and depth, light and shade, fertile fields

and barren deserts, rocks and shoals, streams and rivers, are all faithfully delineated. The map is made; the type fixes it; you may hang your mind up in your study; varnish it, if you please, to preserve it; but remember it will still tell an 'unvarnished tale.' To 'know one's-self,' in by-gone days, was considered the height of wisdom — a knowledge beyond all price; but, in these days of improvement, it is the easiest thing imaginable; it costs just fifty cents.

Such being the state of things, we cease to wonder at the anxiety of the parents of Spiritualina. They well knew that the decision was final; from phrenology there is no reprieve — no commutation. One might as well think to alter the results of arithmetic, and to hope that, by some lucky circumstance, two and two would not make four, as that phrenology should err in its calculations. The writer of this biography, fortunate as he has been in obtaining particulars concerning the subject of this history, has never seen the chart that was furnished on this occasion. It is, however, a matter of fact, that, on the whole, the examination was very gratifying to the parents. The intellectual region was particularly rich; the moral department well supplied; and the lower propensities sufficient for all necessary purposes. One trait was largely

developed — the love of the beautiful. This was so strongly marked as to be the prevailing passion, amounting almost to devotion. It is compounded of ideality and veneration; and it has been successfully urged, as a proof of the truth of phrenology, that young men in whom this organ was prominent have often in church paid more attention to the face of a pretty girl than they have to their prayers; and that young ladies, under its influence, could recollect the make and materials of a fashionable and elegant dress better than they could either the text or the sermon. Two circumstances occurred, shortly after the examination above referred to, which, to every candid mind, must have been satisfactory proof how accurately the investigation was made, and how true the judgment rendered. Spiritualina was observed, one day, with great zeal and earnestness, to run after a gaudy butterfly, and not many days after to run away in fright from a toad. Thus was the love of the beautiful shown by the chase of the butterfly; and her antipathy to the ugly, by her retreat from the toad. Such a discrimination in a child only six years of age was truly astonishing.

Nothing could exceed the care of her parents in providing her with suitable instructors, and in educating her conformably to the improvements

of the age. She had the advantage of all the new discoveries. In diet, she was brought up on the Graham principle; if she had any ailment, she enjoyed the benefit of the nothingness of homœopathy; from domestic duties she was absolved by her mother, lest the drudgery should be disgusting — it being the intention of her parents, in due course of time, to unite with a Fourier community, where labor is attractive. The effect of her training may be, perhaps, best shown, by a copy of verses composed in her twelfth year. They speak volumes of the mind's upward tendency. This effusion of her early muse was called

MY SPIRIT HOME.

How mean the palaces men prize!
  Marble and gilded dome!
My house is in the starry skies;
  For there 's my spirit-home.

Earth's fading beauties many love,
  The forest, field, and foam:
My paradise is far above;
  For there 's my spirit-home.

Amidst these sublunary things
  Some are content to roam;
But I would ask an angel's wing,
  And seek my spirit-home.

The air has sylphs, so poets tell,
And earth, beneath, its gnome;
But I would live where seraphs dwell,
In heaven — my spirit-home.

In the enjoyment of parental care, in the pursuit of knowledge, in recreation and amusement, time passed agreeably and swiftly, and she entered her nineteenth year. Nothing has hitherto been said of the personal appearance of our heroine; for the biographer has been so intent upon the value of the jewel, that he has thought little of the casket in which it was inclosed. As nothing, however, is unimportant, when such persons are the subjects of biography, this must not be passed over without some small share of notice. I am happy to say, that the case was worthy of the gem which it held. Her form was light and sylph-like; her complexion radiantly fair; her hair rich and flowing; and the expression of her face charming. Moore, in one of his melodies, speaks of Catherine's 'eyes of most unholy blue.' I have read several treatises on colors, in the hope of ascertaining the exact tinge of that blue; but my labors have been unsuccessful. It is, probably, however, a kind of Irish blue. Perhaps it is a figure of speech, to indicate that Catherine had a wicked, roguish, or mischievous blue eye; and that it was rather

the expression, than the color, that was intended by this term. The eyes of Spiritualina were what is called cerulean blue. Those who admired her — and she did not want for admirers — would as soon have thought of looking for wickedness in heaven itself, as in her eyes. They beamed with intelligence, kindness, affection, tenderness, and love; but as for wickedness, I would say, in the language of Mr. Moore's countrymen: 'The sorry a bit of mischief in them.'

Among those who stood highest in her esteem, and who certainly was not the least deserving of it, was young Henry Clifford. He was generous, well-informed, good-natured, and handsome. He would have been as well received by the parents as he was by the daughter, if it had not been for an unpardonable sin. He was an infidel. But let the reader be careful not to misconstrue this expression. His infidelity only extended to the theories of the age. He turned up his nose at phrenology, and declared he would rather judge a girl by the expression of her face, and the manifestations of her disposition, than by the shape of her head. He spoke of Grahamism as bearing a close resemblance to the rude ages, when men fed, like unclean beasts, upon acorns; and he declared, that, if this new system should

prevail, he should expect to see men and women turned out to pasture, and, instead of being summoned to their meals by the bell, the cry would be, 'Take down the bars, and let the cattle in.' As for Fourierism, he would rather live in a cottage, all alone with Spiritualina, than be at the head of the most flourishing of the very many successful associations established in this country. These were crying sins, not to be overlooked; and they stood as insurmountable barriers between himself and the parents of our heroine—the girl of his choice. There was still another feature in his infidelity, if possible, still more inexcusable. The biographer here would gladly drop his pen from recording it; and, if he could not do that consistently with his fidelity as an historian, he would drop a tear, and wash away the guilty stain. Be it known, then, horrible as the statement is, Henry gave no credit to mesmerism. Ye agents of electricity and spirits of magnetism, defend us! What is this wicked world coming to, through unbelief? Why, men will soon deny, at this rate, the existence of thunder and lightning, and the gunpowder plot in the reign of King James. And what would be the result of this worst of infidelity? Who can doubt the result? What could it be, but a general blow-up? The biographer, now writing

by the light of his midnight taper, is so operated upon by the magnitude of this blasphemous skepticism, that he can smell the fumes of sulphur, and see a blueness in the very flame of the candle!

The parents of Spiritualina very justly considered mesmerism as the key-stone of that sublime arch which modern discoveries had extended across the world. It was something of a superhuman character; for it would snatch the spirit from its frail abode, and transport it to other worlds. The subject, under its influence, mocked at time and space. Did he wish to converse with the sages of antiquity, or hold communion with the spirit of his great grandmother? Nothing was more simple. Place him in a chair; put him to sleep, by throwing on the magnetic fluid; *will* that he should see them and converse with them; and, behold! before his ravished eyes stand Plato, Socrates, Solon, and his great grandmother! Did the wonders of the earth excite his desire for travel? The mesmerizer unchained the spirit, and sent it off on its travels free of expense. He touched veneration; and it made a missionary tour to

'Greenland's icy mountains,
And India's coral strand.'

Then he would touch the organ of inhabitiveness; and the spirit would linger in the

> 'Vale of Avoca, where the still waters meet.'

Again, taking a sublimer flight,

> 'Now on Atlantic waves it rides afar,
> Where Andes, giant of the western star,
> With meteor standard to the winds unfurled,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.'

Monsieur Deleuze has published a treatise on magnetism; and the instructions which are there given are of so reasonable a character, that they cannot fail of striking the mind with their truthfulness. When the manipulations are made, it is recommended to shake off the fluid from the fingers. This magnetic fluid is a good deal like molasses; it is 'plaguy sticky stuff;' and, without this precaution, the subject instead of being transported to the warm skies of Italy, for which he was bound, might find himself in Patagonia, which would be a great way out of his reckoning.

Henry made all these solemn and momentous truths a subject of raillery, of undisguised ridicule; and when, after a year's intercourse with the family, he intimated to the parents of Spiritualina his preference for their daughter, his overtures were indignantly spurned. They could not sacrifice their daughter's happiness by unit-

ing her with an unbeliever. Henry, though repulsed, was not by any means vanquished, and, having a stout heart and a ready wit, he did not despair of taking the citadel. He knew that he had a friend within the walls; and what he would not attempt to effect by force, he feared not to circumvent by stratagem. If he did not believe in the power of mesmerism, he was a very firm believer in the power of love; and if he could bring that into action, with fair play, he did not doubt the result: he would put mesmerism to the rout.

Spiritualina ventured, in a gentle and moderate way, to plead the cause of Henry. She could not justify his unbelief. By no means. On that point, she must side with her parents, and lament his obliquity of vision that could not see all the truth and beauty of the system. But she did venture to intimate, that he might not be irreclaimable. She confessed that the attachment that he felt for her was reciprocal, and that the loss of Henry would be the loss of a great deal of anticipated happiness. This confession placed her parents in a 'considerable fix.' Nothing was nearer their heart than the happiness of their daughter, not even mesmerism; and yet to see her the wife of the scoffer, was a subject of fear and trembling. After much con-

sultation and discussion, matters were thus accommodated. It was decided, that one gifted with magnetic powers should operate on Spiritualina, and, while in a magnetic sleep, Henry should be put in communication with her, and test himself the truth of the system. Intelligence to this effect was conveyed to Henry, and he was requested to hold himself in readiness to prove the science by ocular demonstration. The biographer is not prepared to say, whether the message went by a carrier dove, the magnetic telegraph, or the slow but not less certain conveyance of the mail. Be this as it may, Henry accepted the challenge, and impatiently awaited the issue. He made known, however, his fixed determination to yield to nothing but absolute proof; and that there might be no connivance between the magnetizer and the magnitizee, he insisted that a friend of his, skilled in the art, should be the operator. This was acceded to; and, in less than a week, Spiritualina was, what was termed, a good subject.

The day at length arrived, when this great experiment was to be made. It was a day not to be forgotten. What a momentous era in the history of that family! The hopes of parents confirmed or blasted, the happiness of a daughter established or blighted, the infidel reclaimed

or hardened in unbelief, science despised or triumphant! The biographer regrets that he is far from being able to do justice to the scene. What an interesting group did the cottage parlor present! Spiritualina sitting in the rocking-chair, with a resigned look, full of faith and hope; her parents in the back ground, with anxiety on their countenances; Henry sitting beside her, with his lips compressed, which some might take for the suppression of a smile, but which phrenologists, who understand these matters, would tell you was the sign of firmness, the bump at the top of the head acting as a spring, making the muscles of the mouth draw together like a rat trap; and finally the operator standing ready to commence the manipulations. Such scenes are not witnessed every day, and such results are not produced every day. At length the operation began. After a few passes, Spiritualina was pronounced in a magnetic sleep, and Henry was desired to take her hand. Any one who had narrowly watched the proceedings could not be mistaken in the result. The very instant Henry took her hand, you might almost see the influence of magnetism on his frame. With all his determination to resist, it was evident that there was a communion of soul and spirit. The fond parents looked on with vast satisfaction,

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Henry rose from his chair a converted man. Spiritualina was awakened by the dispersion of the fluid; all that had transpired was but a dream, though certainly a very pleasant one; all obstacles to their union were now removed, and the 'CHILD OF THE AGE' became the bride of the 'RECLAIMED.'

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CHRIST AND BARTIMEUS.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

'MERCY! thou Son of David!' Thus implored
The blinded one who by the way-side sat,
As Jesus passed along. The multitude
Forbade his earnest calls: — 'Hold, hold thy peace!
The Teacher will not turn aside for thee.'
False word! That ear is open to the call;
That soul responsive to the moving prayer
Of sick and suffering man. 'Call him to me!'
The Master's voice exclaims; and at this word
Swiftly and sure the beggar feels his way
Into the presence of the Sent of God.
'What wilt thou?' asks the Benefactor. 'Lord,
My sight, my sight restore!' Almighty Love
That strong petition heard, and answered: 'Go —
Thy faith, poor stricken one, hath made thee whole!'

Healer of Bartimeus! Power Divine!
Who light upon a darkened world canst pour, —
Give us this faith in thee! For many blind
Now sit in the world's way-sides, with their prayers
For aid and restoration. Many, too,

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Who light upon a darkened world canst pour,—
Give us this faith in thee! For many blind
Now sit in the world's way-sides, with their prayers
For aid and restoration. Many, too,

Would hush their voices, and would bid them turn
To other benefactors than the one
True Light that lighteth all of Adam's race.
Say to these blinded, 'Come!' Lord, let thy voice
But reach their souls, and lo! their dimness gone,
Truth's beauty shall appear, and Love's glad song
Of gratitude and triumph bless our world!

'KEEP SINGING YOUR SONG.'

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

'WELL, keep singing your song, as Mrs. Child says, and perhaps they 'll chime in yet,' said a thoughtful friend the other day, when I revealed to her the trouble that some discordant spirits had caused me. Mrs. Child, in her charming 'Letters,' relates an incident of a choir singing in a most discordant manner; and one sweet singer, by persevering in the right strain, bringing them all to harmony at last. She then applies it to those who would do good in the world; and cautions them not to let their strains rise too high, or sink so low as to be dropped in despair, but sweetly and bravely to keep on, that they may win all hearts. When my friend closed my door, I fell into a dreaming mood about her expression. But a phrenologist once very ungallantly told me, that I was a better dreamer than writer; so I will not try to tell how I questioned my heart whether it sung the

tune it would have others sing, or thought of those who sung sweetly and bravely — even little children, too, with their silvery, lisping voices. Yet, in spite of what the phrenologist said, I will try to write about our little pedler girl, and the song she sings; which is neither noisy nor obtrusive, but wondrously prevailing.

O she 's a rare pedler! that one of ours; though I have a womanly regard for every species of that despised race, in direct opposition to the 'lords of creation,' who would slip the bolt against every one of them. It is 'so handy,' when our baskets are drained of pins, tapes, needles, and the *et cetera* necessities, to see a well-filled pack unclasped, — the very epitome of a dashing store, — directly by our side. What do we care for the spoiling of 'regular trade,' when we want the wherewithal to finish a garment? Besides, to our honor be it recorded, we do not despise 'the day of small things;' or woe be it to some of the *rents* of the 'lords.'

But to my little pedler girl, with her German face, blue eyes — now, do n't pout, my pretty brunette, whoever you are, for *you* are as beautiful to me as a blonde — besides our little pedler has — red hair, and, no — I must confess it, she is *not* handsome. But yet her smiles and dimples are charming; and she throws back her

round head with such dignity when she sets down her basket, and looks so unconcerned, and yet so winning, when she lays her treasures before us, that to me she is not wholly unworthy of an artist's pencil. I wish you could peep in when she lifts the latch of our kitchen door. Down goes the half-wiped dish from the hands of Irish 'Nanny;' little Eddy crawls upon the table, puts his hands together as if he did n't mean to touch, though, like the rest of us, he often does what he did not intend to do; and I thrust my hand into the very depths of my pocket, to search for silver.

Somehow her presence always puts me in mind of wants I never dreamed of; and somehow she persuades me to gratify those wants. 'But pray,' you ask, 'what does she sing? It seems to me, madam, you are weaving a song out of nothing.'

Well, her story, now; and bend your ear, and see if you do n't hear the music.

Milley is a German emigrant; ah! but she does not know Germany as the land of literature, song, and romance. She never heard of the 'glorious' Rhine. She has never been one in those bands of little school-girls, who, all through the summer day, con their pleasant lessons in the open air, under the shady trees,

by the road-side. She can tell you nothing of bright holidays, and tea-taking under the vines in the garden, with merry parents and shouting children. Oh, no! Germany had no such happy home for her. But she can tell you of days spent in dreary, damp huts — but, bless her eyes! they defied the smoke to dim them; she can tell of thirst, and cold, and hunger; of cross words and brutal treatment. Holidays she remembers; and she remembers, too, how the rough policemen kept her, and a host of other 'little beggars,' back in the lanes and alleys, for fear their presence and importunities would disturb the festivities. She can tell you of a little she heard of heaven, and a land far off, called America, 'flowing with milk and honey,' that she thought of and longed for still more intensely. And she can also add how a miserable father, bowed down with poverty and hunger, at last found means to embark with her to that promised land. But, alas, for the milk and honey! it was not for them; and even in the promised land they were still beggars. The old man, at the end of his voyage, became possessed of a precious bit of paper, detailing, in a language she could not read, a pitiful story of wrongs and sufferings; and with this, as some charmed passport to fortune, the little girl hope-

fully started to gain the wished-for good. But O the luck! though she patiently trudged from day to day. Some clapped the door at once in her face; some scolded at her, as an impostor; and some threw her a few pennies, to get rid of her and to quiet their consciences. At last a rough, but kindly-hearted old man put a bright thought into her head, as he threw back the paper she had modestly handed to him: 'Nonsense! nonsense! girl. Who 'll believe all this stuff? Better peddle out my apples by the day.' On, on, Milly trudged, without fretting; and the idea grew brighter and brighter as it turned over in her mind, till at last it glistened like gold. '*Yes*, I 'll be a pedler,' she said aloud, in her joy, as she stood at the door of her miserable home.

'Any thing to-day, Milly?' said her father, reaching out his bony hand. 'Hardly enough, father, to buy us a supper; but I 'll tell you what, father — I 'm going to try a new way to get money.' She soon disclosed her golden project; but he regarded it less than a puff of his old pipe. 'Poh! silly girl; I 've starved too many years to believe there 's any way for us to get a living but by begging — begging.' Sleep was more kindly to her, by the visions it brought, in seeming answer to the prayers her mother taught her; and, nothing daunted, she went the

next day to the shopman who gave her the new hope, and offered to peddle his apples. He remembered the little beggar girl of yesterday; and, touched with the simple and honest air with which, in her broken language, she made known her wishes, he muttered, 'Bright girl!' and bustled about for a nice basket; and, while placing in it his roundest and reddest apples, a big tear dropped from the midst of his shaggy lashes. He had caught the spirit of her song, and it had touched him to the quick.

O it was a merry day for Milly! For once she was the giver of blessings; and a new life filled her whole being. 'What! glad to see me?' she thought; when the first ring she ventured to give brought half-a-dozen merry faces to the door, to peep into her basket. 'O mother, buy!' and the clappings of little hands were the richest sounds she had ever heard; and many times, on that golden day, did they greet her. Hall doors opened more easily than she had known them before, and servant girls spake in softer tones; for it was much easier to disturb Misses with 'Will you buy some nice apples?' than 'Marm, a beggar's at the door.'

Who was richer than Milly, when, at night,

she placed a white warm loaf and a shining bit of silver in her father's hands?

Day after day she sung her hopeful song, till her poor old father fairly caught the tune; and, will you believe me, he joined in with right good earnest. Bit after bit of silver was saved, until a basket of their own was purchased, and filled with valuables and household desirables; and now, at this time, not only a basket, but a little shop, is well supplied; and, while Milly peddles, the old man smokes his new pipe, and waits upon customers behind his counter.

Bless your bright eyes! my pet pedler; there is luck still in store for you. I've seen your father this very day, and he says I may do something for you. You shall have a new clean frock, and bonnet, and shoes; yes, and every thing you need; and attend school, where your busy fingers shall learn to use the shining needle. Oh! I long to see you in that clean, carpeted, sunny room, with your apron-bag before you, and that best of teachers teaching your unruly fingers to bend to the little needle. You shall go to-morrow, Milly; and, in a little while, you shall sit in my snug chamber and tell stories to my merry boys, while you sew for me and aid your fortune. But I will never ask you to do my *heart* more good than

you have, by your patient song. And, Milly, will you teach it to them? for this is a discordant world, and the heart must be early tuned to carry a perfect strain.

'THE OLD NORTH BELLS,' BOSTON.

BY HENRY BACON.

The Old North Bells, with their iron clang!
Ah! there they ring, as of old they rang,
When I walked alone in the Sabbath time,
And, musing, sung to their mellow chime,
And, wondering, thought how their peal was made;
If from heaven above some angel stayed?
And dear is the thought, to this heart of mine, —
How I've wept as they pealed their 'Auld Lang Syne.'

Oh! I was then but a dreamy boy,
And to muse alone was my sweetest joy.
When Christmas came, 't was a holy week;
Through the twilight's hush the chimes would break;
My soul was at peace through the sweet days seven,
For the evening bells were a strain from heaven!
And I dreamed all night of the Holy Land,
Of the Saviour Christ, and the martyr band.

Life's tone has changed! While I hear those Bells,
What a different tale their music tells!
I wander alone where the precious lie,
This holy day, 'neath the summer sky.

My tears will flow that the loved must die,
That their lips no more to mine reply.
Yet those Old North Bells ring on the same,
As they rang of old when I hither came.

But I bid ye ring, ye hallowed Bells!
And I 'll tarry here, though the big tear swells,
And the passer-by see my paling cheek,
And hear the sighs that, quivering, break.
I feel that life is a solemn thing,
That can such change to a mortal bring;
Yet I bless the charm that for me still dwells
In the pealing hymn from the Old North Bells!

GREAT PRINCIPLES AND SMALL DUTIES.

BY T. S. KING.

It is a beautiful fact in the ethics of the Gospel, that great principles do not require great occasions for their exercise and exhibition. The spirit of Christianity teaches us, both by verbal precept and through the embodied eloquence of the Saviour's character, that it is the highest office of great principles to dignify the common experience of men; they are manifested best in trifling acts; they raise the level of daily life to a higher elevation, and reveal their active presence most completely in homely and familiar duties. 'Whosoever,' said Jesus, 'shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward.' We intend to follow out the thought suggested in that passage into some of its present applications to men.

It is not unusual, in our time, to hear com-

plaints of the meanness of modern life. There are many who mourn that existence has become so dull and mechanical. There is no charm, no healthy excitement, no beauty in the common experience of the world around us; nothing to feed an aspiring, imaginative, poetic mind. Every thing is prosaic now: the spirit of business, omnipresent, all-active, and omnipotent, has reduced life to square and rule. Surprise, romance, and heroism, have been banished from existence. The stern utilitarian tendencies of the present have degraded life to a lower plane, and, by connecting society in the simplest relations, and thus bringing men under the dominion of obvious and easy duties, have made experience flat, monotonous, and insipid. Those persons are not few, whose minds are restless under the unpoetic aspect of the life we live; whose ideal is borrowed from novel pictures, or from the dramatic side of history; and who, if their imagination is kept active, lapse into melancholy, sentimental languor, acquire a distaste for all the burdens and duties of our daily existence, and delude themselves with the idea, that they are above their age, of finer mould than their coarse contemporaries, born out of season, ill appreciated by their dull companions.

All that looks attractive to such minds is seen

in the past, or is expected from the future. The present is but a half-built bridge, loaded with the rubbish of degrading toil, which has drawn us away from the Elysium behind, and not yet permitted us to reach the Eden before. The time of Cæsar, the age of chivalry, or of the Reformation, or of Shakspeare; the lives of men like Napoleon, or Washington, or Howard, who lived on a large scale, and whose deeds arrest the attention and fill the eye by their grandeur, seem to them the only desirable epochs, the only true and worthy lives. Such eras and such fortunes alone should satisfy the ambition, the dignity, the ideal, of an aspiring mind. Beside *them*, the scenes, the duties, the life of to-day, look mean and barren.

We have the authority of the Gospel to assure us that such is a false estimate, a mistaken view of life. It is vitiated by a double error. It is a false estimate, in the first place, because it attributes an unreal value to the kind of life by which it is so powerfully charmed. The grandeur and beauty of such a seemingly poetic existence are much enhanced by contemplating them at a distance. Nearness removes most of the gorgeous hues; the tinsel and glitter would soon grow wearisome; familiarity would make all look poor and mean. It is the creative imagi-

nation that weaves the charm. Mountains in the distance, with the rich haze upon them, to soften and spiritualize, and refine their outlines; or when gilded with the glory of the morning, or the luxury of the evening light, look tempting and beautiful, fit for the common residence of gods. But when we visit them, the spell is broken; they are rocky, rugged, cold, and barren; it tires our limbs to climb their steep ascents; we gladly escape from their uninviting sides, to the common, customary comforts of our less showy and poetic homes. And so with those tempting circumstances for which so many sigh. Once attained, we should be no more satisfied with life. Habit would soon destroy the glossy lustre. The society of courts, *daily intercourse* with kings, and emperors, and heroes, would soon pall the spirit, and convince it that a worthier, more noble existence must be found to satisfy the craving, grasping soul.

And this romantic estimate of life is false, too, not only because it overrates the charm of its favorite mode, but radically false because it overlooks the object and aim of life, the destiny of the soul. Christianity advises us that we were placed in the world to develope character, to unfold our powers, to grow in moral strength. It is the final purpose of the soul, not to be an

ornament merely to some great occasion, not to make a show, not to live on the stage as an actor, dressed in ribbons and spangles; but to be educated, to put forth its strength, to live in accordance with great principles of duty and right. Here lies the error in all poetic and overwrought imaginative views of the world. Man was not created for some dazzling end; but for culture, continual, steady, moral power. The sun was not placed in the heavens to inflame and awe the imagination of men, to spout cataracts of fire, and blaze fitfully, with a grand, poetic splendor; but to radiate an even heat, and call forth continually the energies of dependent planets, by the unvaried bounty of its beams. It fulfils its destiny at every moment, by a life of constant use. It is so with man. The attainment of our destiny is not reached by any particular form of life, but by continual development and unwearied use. We were not made for such or such a good, but for perpetual culture. We must not hope to live at some future time, at some more favorable period, at the end of the next week or the next year, when we have retired from business, or have removed, perhaps, from the city. There are no divisions of periods, no stopping-places, where we may change our raiment and begin to live. The

existence is in each moment, however and wherever it may find us; the journey's end is in every step of the road.

The moral beauty of Christianity is seen in this: — that it reveals the grandeur of common life and humble virtues, that it throws an infinite value into the smallest actions, that it transfers our gaze from the scale of the deed to the spirit of the deed, that it makes the circumstances of small account, and the motive all; showing us that a cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, and from the impulse of love, will bring the disciple's reward. It shows us that great principles are tested best by the performance of small duties, and that the spiritual development, which is the real end of life, is better attained by continual discipline, than by great achievments.

We estimate life aright, we understand its dignity and its toil, only when we judge it by this Christian standard. The aim of the Gospel is, to perfect character; and a noble character is revealed in little deeds, and is attained only by discipline and triumphs in common, habitual trials. We ought not to suffer moral judgments to be blinded by the glare of circumstances and scenes. It is easier than we imagine to become a martyr; to die calmly in defence of right, when

the world is looking on, when we are a spectacle to the crowded amphitheatre of the universe, to an audience of angels and men, and when hope of escape is dead. It is noble — godlike, if you please to call it so — to triumph then; but it is not the most unerring test of greatness and strength of soul. That is the purest greatness and the firmest strength which overcomes the toughest obstacles to a lofty and holy life; and those obstacles, every practical Christian will confess, are the little cares, and trifling perplexities, and incessant temptations, of daily experience. These are the gnats that worry the sturdiest virtue. Goliath was proof against a steel clad array, but not against the despicable weapon, David's sling; and many a moral giant has fallen before as puny an attack. 'The finest sense, the profoundest knowledge, the most unquestionable taste, often prove an unequal match for insignificant irritations; and a man whose philosophy subdues nature, and whose force of thought and purpose gives him ascendancy over men, may keep, in his own temper, an unvanquished enemy at home.'

It is easier to fulfil the greatest than the smallest task. It is easier to perform the moral deed which the world must witness, than to crush the small temptation which comes in our

private hours, inviting to a little sin which the world can never know. He is the moral hero, — how few who can challenge the title! — that can resist the almost harmless impulse of selfishness, like that which prompted the mind of Christ to turn the stones to bread; who can go through the day, and feel that he has been faithful to every call of every moment, and has lived in Christian relations with every man whom he has met. And, therefore, small duties are the real test of power. You cannot know a man's temper in company; see him at home. You cannot judge his piety at church; observe him through the business hours of a single day. You cannot infer his benevolence from his public charities and large subscriptions; watch his intercourse with the poor. It is the frequent gifts, yes, it is the *manner* of giving, more than the charity, the sweet expression, the cordial sympathy, the tone of kindness, which makes the penny of more value than the coldly given pound; it is these, and the frequency of these, that determine the purity and love of a person's soul.

The common complaints of almost every person, our incessant quarrels with our fortune and lot, attest the value and difficulty of these small duties, and show us that the performance of them alone is the surest sign of moral vigor.

'How gentle should we be, if we were not provoked; how pious, if we were not busy; the sick would be patient, only he is not in health; the obscure would do great things, only he is not conspicuous!' It is the great soul only which does not quarrel with its tools, but relies upon its skill. It is the noblest character that can be gentle in provocation, and pious in business, and patient in sickness, and faithful to the humble duties of obscurity. Beauty of soul, like the beauty of a statue, results from the complete symmetry of the smallest parts; and it is minute care and perpetual discipline alone that can bring the spirit to that standard, and which reveal the master's hand. 'Why waste time on such trifles?' said a friend to Michael Angelo, who consumed weeks in the finish of a muscle, and the form of an ear. 'It is these trifles that constitute perfection,'—replied the artist,—'and perfection is no trifle.'

They have strangely mistaken life, then, who sigh for propitious or more poetic circumstances, in order to give it dignity. Let them endeavor to live a single day, in the privacy of their own homes, obedient to the Christian law of life, and they will learn how needless are all trappings to make a martyr or a hero. For the keenest intellect that ever thought, for the finest genius

that ever refreshed the heart of the world, it is a virtue sufficiently arduous, it is a moral triumph brilliant enough to keep the hours true, to fulfil the obligations of daily life, to refrain from slander, to be resigned in sorrow, and to remember the poor. It was said of the great orator and philosopher, Edmund Burke, that a stranger could not stand under a shed with him for five minutes, during a summer shower, without knowing that he was in company with a great genius. The power of the man would reveal itself in his casual talk. The die of his intellect was stamped even on his insignificant coin. And so the purity, the power, of a trained and vigorous virtue, depends not on the occasion, but will disclose itself in the slightest and most trivial act. We may not all be Alexanders. His genius was no merit of his; but we may do what, with all that genius, he could not do — and that is, keep sober and preserve an even temper. We may not be gifted with the intellect of Bacon; but, nobler than Bacon, we may keep our honor pure, and never betray a friend. We cannot become Napoleons; but, in the private walks of life, we may acquire strength to do what the hero of Marengo and Lodi was unable to accomplish — always to tell the truth. Their *genius* performed their miracles; *they* fell before the plain and

simple demands of duty. Truly Solomon was right: 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.'

We may learn a beautiful lesson on the moral worth of small duties, by observing the method of nature, — the wisdom of God in the outward world. Perfection, in nature, is not measured on the scale of magnificence, but by the quality of the work. We cannot exhaust the analogies between nature and the Gospel, they are so completely in harmony; and we may say, that the whole universe is the intellectual statement and explanation of the morality of Jesus, — the value of the trivial fact is an expression of the great principle. Men of science are continually surprised to find how the most astonishing results are crowded into and implied in the narrowest compass. 'The whole code of natural laws may be written on the thumb-nail, or the signet of a ring.' Examine the structure and observe the growth of a single wild violet; and it will be seen that every force of the universe, and the vast mechanism of the heavens, are necessary to the development of its simple life. Astronomy, and geology, and chemistry, are all written in its fibres, buds, and stem. The roots of it strike deeper into the heart of nature, than

into the soil from which it springs. It lives by the action of laws that are equally essential to the existence of the great globe itself. It is watered by rain, drawn from the treasures of the ocean; its nightly blessing of dew is distilled from the atmosphere which supports all animated life; it is held firmly in its place by the all-pervading force that gives stability to the architecture of the sky; it is expanded into beauty by the warm stream of life that weaves its tissue around the solar system, — burning on Mercury, and carrying his dim day to distant Saturn. And thus the whole universe exists as an inference, a corollary of one simple flower.

Dig a flint from the bosom of the mountain; and, when it is broken, its sides will reveal to the microscope the fire which hardened it and the waters through which it passed, the convulsions and catastrophes it has known, and the fossil animalcules which it holds; showing us that the history of the great globe may be deduced from the experience and changes of that single pebble. From a solitary scale of a fish, found petrified in a stone, the naturalist has reconstructed its whole frame, has announced that it belonged to a species become extinct, has stated the kind and temperature of the waters in which alone it could have lived; and so again has discovered,

in that tiny vestige, the secret of the geological epochs. If we go to nature for our morals, we shall learn the necessity of perfection in the smallest act. Infinite skill is not exhausted nor concentrated in the structure of a firmament, in drawing the orbit of a planet, in laying the strata of the earth, in rearing the mountain cone. The care for the bursting flower is as wise as the forces displayed in the rolling star; the smallest leaf that falls and dies unnoticed in the forest is wrought with a beauty as exquisite as the skill displayed in the sturdy oak. All the wisdom of nature is compressed and revealed in the sting of the bee; and the pride of human art is mocked by the subtle mechanism and cunning structure of a fly's foot and wing. However minute the task, it reveals the polish of perfection. Omnipotent skill is stamped on the infinitely small, as on the infinitely great. It is a moral stenography like this which we need in daily life. We attain the summit of Christian excellence, when we obey the instruction of nature, and learn, in the common acts of every day, to manifest the beauty of a spiritual character, — to leave in trifling duties the impress of a noble soul, — to reflect on common life the radiance of a pure and holy nature, — to make a cup of cold water, daily given to the suffering

in the spirit of love, testify, with eloquent emphasis, to the grace, and health, and beauty, of our general existence.

The lesson of Christianity, then, urged and enforced by nature, is the inestimable worth of common duties, as manifesting the greatest principles; it bids us attain perfection, not by striving to do dazzling deeds, but by making our experience divine; it tells us that the Christian hero will ennoble the humblest field of labor; that nothing is mean which can be performed as duty; but that religious virtue, like the touch of Midas, converts the humblest call of conscience into spiritual gold.

The Greek philosopher, Plato, has left an instructive and beautiful poetic picture of the judgment of souls, when they had been collected from the regions of temporary bliss and pain, and suffered once more to return to the duties and pleasures of earthly life. The spirits advanced by lot, to make their choice of the condition and form under which they should reënter the world. The dazzling and showy fortunes, the lives of kings, and warriors, and statesmen, were soon exhausted; and the spirit of Ulysses, who had been the wisest prince among all the Greeks, came last to choose. He advanced with sorrow, fearing that his favorite condition

had been selected by some more fortunate soul who had gone before him. But, to his surprise and pleasure, Ulysses found that the only life which had not been chosen was the lot of an obscure and private man, with its humble cares and quiet joys; the lot which he, the wisest, would have selected, had his turn come first; the life for which he longed, since he had felt the folly and meanness of station, wealth, and power.

In like manner, though in a far different spirit, Christianity teaches us the beauty and dignity of common and private life. It makes it valuable, not as Plato did, for the cares from which it frees us, but for the constant duties through which we may train the soul to perfect symmetry and power. It shows us that the humblest lot brings calls and opportunities, which require all the energies of the most exalted virtue to meet and satisfy. It teaches us that, 'in the management and conquest of the daily disappointments and small vexations which befall every life, only a devout mind attains to any real success, and evinces a triumphant might.' It impresses upon us the solemn truth, that life itself, however humble its condition, is always holy; that every moment has its duty and its burden, which Christian strength alone, the crown of power,

can do and bear; and that the perfect character is the character of Jesus, who fulfilled the greatest mission in the humblest walk, and showed to the world that the simplest experience may become radiant with a heavenly beauty, when hallowed by a spirit of constant love to God and man.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

MARIE, I pray thee work no more!
  The lover's star is in the skies.—
My mother, on a foreign shore
  A village youth now captive lies.
  Taken afar upon the sea,
  He waiteth still his ransom day.
    Spin, spin, poor Marie,
    To help the prisoner, far away;
    Spin, spin, poor Marie,
    Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My child, I light my lamp for thee;
  Ah! why these tears that fill thine eyes?—
Mother, he pines in misery;
  His foes insult him, where he lies.
  A child, still Adrien cared for me;
  He made our fireside bright and gay.

Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My child, I too for him would spin;
But I am old, so very old! —
Oh send to him what I shall win, —
Oh send my little hoard of gold!
I will not at Rose' bridal be —
God! I hear the fiddler play!
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

Draw near the fire, my dearest one!
The night has come to chill our bones. —
Mother, they tell me Adrien
In the damp floating dungeons groans.
They smite the pale hand cruelly
That he on their coarse bread would lay.
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

My daughter, I have late had dreams,
In which thou wert his happy wife.
Before the thirtieth morning beams,
'T will all be real in thy life. —

What! The budding grass will see
His return for whom we pray!
Spin, spin, poor Marie.
To help the prisoner, far away;
Spin, spin, poor Marie,
Spin for the prisoner, far away.

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THE PRISONER'S FRIEND c

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

RIGHTLY was she named, the gentle Amy Leslie, when they called her 'the Prisoner's Friend.' She was the friend of all who were bowed down; whether by sickness, or want, or sin, it mattered little to the ministering angel who strove to raise them. I need not describe her, for the artist has sketched her well. He has caught well the holy expression of those heaven-lit eyes, and the sweet, subdued, almost sorrowing smile, which ever dwelt upon her lips.

The old man was alone in his cell, — alone with all the powers of a strong mind and a stubborn heart, struggling with the voice of his better nature. That holier nature was crushed, fettered, and degraded; but its low, pleading voice was still heard, amid the din of strong passions and conflicting feelings. His thoughts were of the past; but they dwelt not upon its

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fair and sunny places, upon its hours of innocent joy, of pure affection, and unselfish hope; they dwelt upon its bleak and barren wilds, its sufferings, its temptations, and its sternly-punished crimes. He thought of the earth; from all whose places, save that one lone cell, he was an exile. He thought not of its happy homes, and its loving, truthful hearts, — of its green woods and blooming flowers; he saw not its many pleasant spots; he heard not its myriad tones of harmony. Not there, not there, were the prisoner's thoughts. They were with its lonely graves and its living sadness. They lingered long and painfully amid its crowded cities, in the dark, damp rooms, where poverty toils long for its scanty fare, and then receives it from a grudging hand. They were with its strong *temptations* for the weak, its strong *prisons* for the fallen. Then the stern, harsh feelings of a soul, that had never looked upon 'the mystery of such woe' with 'patient faith,' were awakened, and the gentle voice was lost amid the louder and less musical.

It was at such a moment that Amy entered. Fearlessly, calmly, lovingly, she came. With her fervent trust in God, and in the divinity of the human soul, she came to him whose head was white with many years of sin, and bade him

yet become a Christian man. She came to him whose soul was stained with human blood, and spake unto him words of holiness; until those dark, wild passions were hushed, and the pleading voice of his own soul was heard once more. Alone with that hardened criminal, she trembled not; but dared to speak of his fearful guilt, of the great wrong which he had done, and the much good that he had left undone. The old man listened, and the words of that fearless maiden came to him with a power which his stern judges might never possess. He bowed down in that dreary cell, and, with the tears freely flowing in their unwonted path, over that furrowed face, he thanked God that love and mercy were yet left upon earth.

He was once more alone; but his cell now seemed peopled with angel visitants. His thoughts again went forth over the waters of life; but they returned not now in weariness. They went now to a happy and innocent childhood. The merry tones of his playmates, and the gentle voices that said to him, 'My child,' came again with their hallowing power. Even the bird-twitter in that old roof-tree, and the low rustling of its leaves, were heard in that gloomy cell. Verily, Amy Leslie hath wrought a mighty work

in that sin-fettered heart, with her low tones of holy meaning.

But why hath she — the young, the beautiful, the dweller amid earth's loveliness — thus come here? She is the child of wealth, and her father's house is a place fitting for so fair a being. There are many eyes to watch her pleasure, many hands to do her bidding, many feet to come at her call. Yet here she comes, lowly and unattended; and the air of the cold, damp cell has no chill for the form that has been so carefully guarded, even from the summer breeze. The storm-wind of anguish has passed over her heart; and it has purified it from all vanity, — inured it to bear all trial.

Not many years since, and there was a gay, young creature, gliding, with graceful step, through the dance, or receiving, with the dignity of conscious loveliness, the tribute ever offered to wealth and station. Her name was Amy Leslie. She was young, — very young, — at once the plaything and the pride of her parents; and, entering early the circle she was so fitted to adorn, can we wonder that her heart was the dwelling-place of pride?

Oh! she *was* proud; and pride sat so gracefully upon that high, fair brow, it curled to such majesty her beautiful lip, and lent such a state-

liness to her youthful step, that few cared to wish her otherwise. They had not seen how sweetly humility could supply its place, and transform the beauty of earth to the holier beauty of heaven. Thus carelessly passed she on in life, loving as the many love, enjoying as the fashionable enjoy; but never deeming that the germ of deeper feeling and holier life lay buried in her soul. They were planted there, waiting for the sunshine and the rain to call them forth. Those influences soon came. Love entered her heart, and sorrow followed near; a fearful sorrow, such as it is given to but few to know.

Charles Morris would have been almost the last among Amy's acquaintance, whom her proud parents or fashionable friends would have selected for her love. But the heart has wayward fancies, and often a way of its own in selecting an abiding place; and certain it is, that Amy's soon found a happy home in the true and manly devotion of Charles Morris. A merchant's clerk, with no capital but his good character, his intelligence, and his tried energy in business, he knew that it would be in vain that he asked the wealthy Virginian planter to give unto him his petted daughter. But somehow he mustered courage to ask the daughter's opinion of the

matter; and thus it happened that both were happy, in the consciousness of mutual love.

Silent, almost hopeless, was that love; hidden, a sacred thing, amid the treasures of those two young hearts; but not sorrowful, not unhappy; oh, no! *true* love never can be. For the future, youth is ever bright with hope; the present was made joyous by their trustful tenderness. It was remarked in the gay circle where Amy moved, 'a bright, particular star,' that she was changed; but few could tell how, none knew why. It was not that the light had fled from her eye, or the hue from her cheek; for the one was lit with a more joyous radiance, and the other glowed with the hues of hope and health. It was not that she had withdrawn from society; she was ever there, admired, and almost worshipped. It was the holy calmness that had imparted itself to her demeanor, even amid the wildest mirth around her; a calmness, as of a spirit that hath found its resting place. Holy,—very holy,—is this calm, pure love; there is but one feeling more holy,—the love of God.

Suddenly, fearfully, passed the shadow over her way. She was as one that sinks quietly to sleep amid the day-beams, to awaken amid thick darkness and the storm. Charles Morris, the loved, the chosen of her spirit, stood before a

tribunal of his country — a murderer! There was no doubt of his crime; he acknowledged it at once, and to all; but all felt that he had had bitter provocation.

He had been left an orphan at an early age, with the sole care of his younger sister. The little Lucy, more dear from her very helplessness, had been the first, and, until he met Amy, the only object of his affection. Well and faithfully had he fulfilled his trust in the care of that young being. Himself braving every trial and privation, he had carefully shielded her from all that might cause a moment's sadness. A severe illness in early childhood had left to the gentle Lucy her rare beauty of form and feature; but it had veiled her before brilliant mind, and the healthful glow upon her cheek had fled for ever. Yet ever around her, as a shield, was thrown the manly strength of a brother's love, more devoted for her weakness, because more required.

We have said that Lucy was beautiful; she was also weakly confiding, when, at the age of sixteen, that beauty won the admiration of a wealthy and fashionable villain. Very high was he in the estimation of some; *very* low in the scale of moral worth. The story needs not to be told. We need not tell how her weakness trusted, and her trust was deceived, — of her

dark despair, or her brother's anguish. They met — that indignant brother, and that base man of wealth, — high words and strong there were; deep, bitter, burning words of fierce reproach were met by cruel taunts and harsh contempt. For a brief moment, passion reigned trumphant, — the fatal blow was dealt, — and Charles Morris was a murderer.

Amy heard it all; and though the light vanished from her eye, and the joy from her heart, yet she lived. She lived to cheer his prison hours, by the knowledge of her changeless love, to watch fearfully that long trial, to hear with varied feelings of hope and fear the voice of eloquence, speaking for and against him, to hear the death penalty pronounced upon him; and then insensibility came, — a blessed relief.

Now, with the changed feelings which a few years past have brought, mercy might have been extended to the victim. The dark wrong might have been pleaded in extenuation of the dark crime, and the voice of humanity might have been raised in his behalf; but then it was not so.

He died, — died by the hand of the legal murderer; and Amy — she yet lived, calm, happy; for she was unconscious. Many weeks she lay thus, with no trace of life save its breathing pulsations. Then came the dread awakening,

when those vacant eyes began to gleam with strange meaning, and those pale lips to utter a low fitful moan. At length reality returned, and with it the burden that was almost too heavy for her spirit to bear. Long was the struggle, long did reason totter upon her throne, long did that young heart rebel against its strange, sad destiny; but at length the conflict was over. She bowed to the power against which resistance is vain; she read, in that mysterious evil, the messenger of a higher good.

Life was yet strong in her young frame; although the beauty of that life had departed, she lived to encircle it with a higher beauty. All through that dreadful trial, she had veiled her secret in her heart. It would have been a sad thing to those proud parents, had the world known that their daughter's heart was with the murderer in his cell, and bravely did she bear on, to spare them this pain. Then came unconsciousness to save her from the last dread agony; and now that she had awakened from that kindly given calmness, the world had ceased to think of the event that caused it. A man had been tried, he was convicted, and hung; and other men passed to their business or amusements as before.

She had spared her parents what to them would have been no light trial; but now she

told them all. They listened with hushed and awe-stricken hearts. They dared not profane the sanctity of that deep woe by worldly feelings; and thus they heard their hopes of a proud alliance for their loved one, blasted without one murmuring word. Never again did they ask her to bear that crushed heart to the gay halls of fashion; they left her with her duty and her God, aiding, guarding, cherishing, but never opposing her. She is still beautiful with the enduring beauty of a purified spirit; she is even happy, for in ministering peace unto others she has herself found the same blessing; but it is with a happiness 'the world can neither give nor take away.' Few would recognize the proud planter's daughter in the humble 'prisoner's friend.'

THE SUNKEN CROWN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

YONDER, upon the hill-side,
  There stands a little cot;
O'er fair lands, from its threshold,
  The eye of man looks out.
There sits a freeborn peasant
  At evening on the banks;
His dull-worn scythe he sharpens,
  And sings to Heaven his thanks.

Below, the lakelet's bottom
  Long time hath glimmering shone;
Beneath its waters sunken
  There lies a proud, rich crown.
At night, carbuncles sparkle
  Amid its sapphires set;
For gray old years it lies there,
  And no one seeks for it.

S. C. T. M.

THE BRIDE IN CANAAN.

BY MISS MARY ANN H. DODD.

It was eventide in Canaan and the valley of Hebron, where the patriarch Abraham dwelt when the world was young.

A sky of burnished azure bent over a pastoral landscape, bright in the robes of early summer, and beautiful with rejoicing life and the simplicity of a patriarchal age. Fields flushed with fairest flowers — where the olive wore its gayest green, and the growing grain gave promise of a plenteous harvest — were walled about with foliage, and tapestried with the tendrils of the vine. The unburdened camels were reposing in the meadows; shepherds guided their flocks to the fold, or took up their night-watch upon the hills around; and maidens went forth, singing, to the fountains. The lowing of herds, the bleating of flocks, and the flutter of wings in the foliage, gave place, with the waning day, to the sound of lute and harp; and from valley and

hill rolled up the smoke of sacrifice, with the voice of praise to the Lord.

The twilight deepened over the plain of Mamre, and the field of Macpelah; and the mighty trees, springing from a richly productive soil, bent their lithe limbs to the breeze of evening, and cast their broad shadows over the cave where Sarah, the mother of Israel, lay buried.

Isaac went forth from the sacrifice, to meditate in the field of the dead. He paced to and fro, in the shadow of the trees, calling up memories of his mother, till his heart grew heavy with sadness; and, covering his brow with the folds of his garment, he sat down by the door of the sepulchre, startling the stillness with loud lamentation.

'My soul is exceeding sorrowful for thy loss, O my mother! The beauty of earth has departed; gladness is gone far from me. When the day cometh, I rejoice not in the sunshine, and slumber forsaketh my couch in the night. There is no joy at the feast, no pleasure in the wine-cup; and I look not upon the damsels, when they come forth with the tabret and the harp. Who will be my comforter? Who will love me with the love of a mother? Who will bless me in the morning and in the evening, and make for my head a pillow of her breast? I sit solitary,

O my mother! and mine eyes run down with tears. Why hast thou left mourning thy son — thy son Isaac, the child of thine old age?'

The stars, which the Chaldean and Egyptian numbered and named, lit their fires above the valley of Hebron; but Isaac still sat by the sepulchre, and his locks were wet with the dew of night.

Abraham marked the mourning of Isaac for his mother. The heart of the patriarch was troubled by the sad countenance and deep sorrow of his son, and he meditated in his own mind how they might seek to win him from his grief.

Great was the wealth of Abraham, in silver and gold, flocks and herds, green pastures and cultivated fields. More than three hundred trained servants were numbered among his household, in which there was no lack of fruits and flesh, oil and wine, or butter, milk, and fine meal. In Isaac he saw the heir of these rich possessions, and the one to whose posterity was promised incalculable blessings, with the inheritance of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, and stretching from the great Euphrates to the fertilizing Nile.

The favored Isaac had as yet no wife, and Abraham would not that he should wed with the

daughters of Canaan; and calling his faithful steward, Eliezer of Damascus, he conferred with him upon the subject of his meditations.

'Thou knowest,' said the patriarch, 'that I am old and stricken in years, and that Isaac shall come after me to inherit the riches and the land which God hath given me, and I would fain find him a wife before I die. Thou shalt go, therefore, to mine own country, from which the Lord called me forth, and seek there a wife for my son. Thou hast been a faithful servant over my household; all things prosper under thy stewardship, and I have chosen thee to act in this matter as one worthy of trust. Thou shalt swear to me, by the Lord of heaven and earth, that thou wilt not turn aside to choose from the daughters of Canaan, but wilt bring a wife for Isaac from among mine own kindred.'

'But, my lord,' said Eliezer, 'it may be that the maiden I should choose would not be willing to follow me into a strange country: must I then bring thy son to the place from whence thou camest?'

'Nay, Eliezer, I charge thee bring him not forth from the land of his inheritance! The Lord who brought me from my father's house, and gave me a home among strangers, and who hath promised to my posterity the country in which

we dwell, will guide thee on thy way and in thy choice; but if the damsel refuse to follow thee, thou shalt be blameless and excused from thine oath, only beware that thou take not my son again unto the dwelling place of his kindred.'

The obedient steward made ready for his journey; and taking ten camels, with provisions and attendants, and choice gifts for the bride from the goods of his master, he went forth with the caravan, over the broad plains, the lofty mountains, deep vales, and limpid streams of Canaan; through the sands of Syria, and across the wastes of Mesopotamia, till he came to Haran, the city of Nahor.

It was evening, the hour when the daughters of the city went forth to draw water from the fountains; and halting with his attendants by a well without the gates, and causing the weary camels to kneel down in the shade, the steward besought some sign from heaven whereby he might know that his master's wishes should be accomplished; and he said, 'Let it be so, Lord, that the damsel of whom I may ask, and who will give me drink, shall be the same whom thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac, to go with me into the land where he dwells.' While he was yet speaking, Rebekah, the daughter of

Bethuel, drew near with her pitcher upon her shoulder.

The maiden was very fair and comely. Her eyes were like the stars of midnight; her lips like a thread of scarlet; and her cheeks vied with the Persian rose. Her loose locks streamed over her ivory shoulders; her light robe clung to her graceful limbs, and her white feet were like moonbeams by the fountain.

When she had filled her pitcher and was going up from the well, Eliezer hastened to meet her, saying, 'Let me drink, I pray thee, of the water in thy pitcher.'

'Drink, my lord,' answered the maiden, hastening to give him the pitcher; 'thou art weary, and shall rest by the fountain, while I draw water for thy camels also.'

So she quickly emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again to the well, and drew for the thirsty camels till they were satisfied.

Eliezer was astonished at the damsel's alacrity and kindness. He looked on her wonderingly, but held his peace till the camels had done drinking; when taking a golden ear-ring, and bracelets of gold, he placed them in her hands, saying, 'Tell me, I pray thee, whose daughter thou art; and if there is room to lodge us in thy father's house.'

'My lord,' replied the damsel, 'I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Nahor, and my name is Rebekah; moreover, we have in my father's house both meat and drink, and room to lodge the stranger.'

Rebekah hurried homeward to tell her mother all these things; and when her brother Laban saw the jewels and bracelets upon his sister's hands, and heard her story, he went out to seek the stranger who tarried with his train by the well.

Laban brought the steward into the house, and the men that were with him. Water was given them to wash, and meat set before them; but Eliezer would not eat till he had told his errand. So the family of Bethuel listened while he said, 'I am Abraham's servant, and the Lord has blessed my master, and he is rich in flocks and herds, silver and gold, servants and camels; and to Isaac, his only son, he has given all that he hath. For this son, he hath sent me to seek a wife among his kindred; and as I drew near thy city, I besought the Lord to lead forth to the fountain the virgin whom he had appointed to go with me into Canaan; and behold Rebekah, the daughter of Abraham's brother, met me, and gave me drink. Now, therefore, tell me if my

errand shall end prosperously, if the maiden shall be given to my master's son.'

Bethuel and Laban saw the hand of the Lord in what had happened, and consented that Rebekah should go with Eliezer, as God had pointed the way.

The steward rejoiced in the success of his mission, and bringing forth jewels and ornaments, both of gold and silver, with many changes of fine raiment, he gave them to the maiden; and for her mother and brother also, he brought precious gifts. They feasted that night, and in the morning Eliezer was ready to depart; but the mother and brother of Rebekah wished to detain her a few days longer; they were not willing to give her up so soon; but seeing the steward's impatience of delay, they called the maiden, and said, 'Wilt thou go with this man?'

Rebekah looked around upon her kindred with a saddened smile; and, embracing her mother, she drew her hand from the clasp of Laban's, and, moving to the side of Eliezer, answered promptly, 'I will go.' So they embraced and blessed her, and giving her to the charge of the steward, with her nurse and her damsels, the cavalcade departed for Canaan.

Eliezer could not but congratulate himself

upon the good fortune which had followed him, in finding such a wife for his master's son. He would fain have had the young man with them, to enjoy the journey, and partake of his satisfaction in the beautiful Rebekah. We may imagine how he described to the maiden the good qualities and stately appearance of the husband who awaited her coming; how he interested her in the story of his life, from his youth up; how her sympathies were touched by his melancholy for the loss of his mother, and how she longed to soothe his sorrow and beguile him from his lonely night watches by the cave of Macpelah.

The way grew long to her impatient spirit, and the yellow sands of Syria seemed to spread out interminably before them. But when the desert and the wilderness were crossed, and they reached the wild scenery of the mountains, that rose like an impregnable wall upon the northern boundary of Canaan, and saw from their summits the great sea which rolled to the west its waves of azure, her heart was filled with awe, and wonder, and delight.

As they passed on over mountain and valley, the beauty of Canaan revealed itself ever in some new aspect to the observing eye. They saw how it seemed marked out by nature for the dwelling place and the strong-hold of a great

and prosperous people, with its own natural defences upon every side; the wilderness, the sea, the mountains, and the desert's fiery sands, to keep the invader's foot from the chosen soil.

Branches of the mountains spread through the champaign country, and along the horizon the hills rested like clouds. Here lay a purple lake, and there glided a blue river, with 'sweet fields beyond its swelling flood.' On their mountain road they passed through tangled pines and cedars, while the eagle soared above them, and lizards crawled among the rocks; and below, in still descending circles, lay the vineyard, the olive grove, and the vale of flowers.

The sun was low in the west, when, nearing their journey's end, they passed the last summit which looked down upon Hebron. The fair valley smiled like a second Eden in the golden lingering light. Corn, fruits, and herbage of living green, waved on upland and lowland; and a sparkling stream in its bosom seemed like a silver pathway over a sea of emerald bedropped with blushing flowers.

Rebekah opened her arms, as if to embrace the spirit of beauty brooding over the scene; her pomegranate lips murmured forth words of gladness, and her starry eyes beamed with enthusiastic admiration and joy.

Abraham sat at the door of his tent, and the light breeze of evening just stirred the silver locks upon his time-tracked brow. Camels were drinking and grazing by the water-course, and damsels were singing at the fountains. The breath of roses, of lilies, and the balsam-tree, with all sweet pastoral sounds, were borne about by the spirit-wind; and angels might have chosen the lovely hour again to visit the patriarch.

Isaac went out, as was his wont, to meditate in the field at eventide; and as he lifted up his eyes to the beauty of that sunset scene, behold! Eliezer and the bridal train drew near. His forehead flushed for a moment, and the light of expectation kindled in his eye; but folding his robe more carefully around him, and tossing back the dark locks from his serious brow, he went forward to receive the stranger maiden.

When Rebekah saw Isaac advancing over the plain, her pulse quickened, while a flush, answering his own, mounted to her temples as she said to the steward, 'Who is this that walketh in the field to meet us?' and when the servant answered, 'It is my master,' she alighted from the camel, and, modestly veiling her face, waited his approach with her nurse and damsels around her.

Eliezer hastened before, and, meeting Isaac,

told him of the success which had crowned his mission, and of the treasure he had brought.

Isaac spoke tenderly to the maiden; and she put away her veil, and smiled upon him, when he took her from the arms of her nurse. He brought her to his father, and Abraham kissed and blessed his brother's daughter, who had come from her own land to dwell with his son.

Then he led her to the tent of Sarah; he rejoiced in her beauty; he loved her, and called her his wife. And Rebekah leaned upon his breast, and was happy, though far from her kindred; and Isaac was comforted for the loss of his mother by his Syrian bride.

A MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Amid the rosy fog stole in and out
The little boat. The rower dipped his oar,
Gleaming with liquid gold; and all about
The red-sailed ships went swimming from the shore.

Against the canvass, moving to and fro,
The dark forms of the fishermen were seen;
Around the prow long wreaths of golden glow
Rippled and faded mid the wavy green.

The sea-gulls wheeled around the rocky cape,
And skimmed their long wings lightly o'er the flood;
The fog rose up in many a spectral shape,
And crept away in silence o'er the wood.

The sea from silvery white to deepest blue
Changed 'neath the changing colors of the sky;
The distant lighthouse broke upon the view,
And the long Landpoint spread before the eye.

Clear as a mirror lay the rock-bound cove;
Far off one blasted pine against the sky
Lifted its scraggy form; the crow above
Flapped his black wings, and wound his long shrill cry.

I paced the beach like some sleep-waking child,
Wrapt in a dream of beauty and of awe;
Were they ideal visions that beguiled?
Was it my eye, or but my *soul* that saw?

S. C. E. M.

BOËTHIUS AND THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY JOHN STEBBINS LEE.

THE great man of every age must have a peculiar influence in creating and moulding the various elements which enter into the composition of human society. He moves above the mass of common mind, yet breathes into it some portion of his own celestial spirit. But his influence is modified by circumstances. Let him appear at the dawn of a nation's existence, and he will do much to strengthen her powers, and lay a permanent foundation for her future glory. His light will become blended with the lesser lights of his own and preceding ages, and thus heighten the effulgence of her noonday. Let him appear in the midst of a people basking in the sunshine of meridian splendor, and his powers will operate as a strong conservative influence to keep together the elements of state, and prolong her existence. But let him appear when the declining rays of a nation's glory are setting

in thick darkness, although his efforts may serve to lengthen out her life for a season, yet they cannot avert her final doom.

It was under such circumstances that the light of Boëthius first broke upon the world. The tottering fabric of the old Roman empire, convulsed by dissensions and weakened by luxury, was fast crumbling into ruins. That spirit of heroic and devoted patriotism, which we so much admire in her Cincinnati, Cocletes, and Virginii, had given place to the effeminacy and sensuality of the latter Cæsars. Her former magnificence was gone. Her valor was broken down; and now the rude Goth was profaning that land which ancient prowess had made sacred. Her sun had sunk in the west; the last rays of her glory were lingering on the mountain peaks, as if unwilling to leave the sad and solemn spectacle, when Boëthius arose, to dissipate for a moment her deepening twilight, and then vanish for ever.

It is with a feeling of melancholy interest that we gaze on the career and destiny of such a mind. While all is ignorance and corruption around, — while lust and passion, maddened by frequent exercise, in their wildest fury reign, and luxury is sapping the life-blood from the nation's heart, — calmly he contemplates the

scene, and, with a high and holy purpose, meditates a reform. But, alas! he has fallen on uncongenial times. His pure spirit is unable to renovate that mass of corruption. The tendencies of the age are against him. Men look upon him as their enemy, because he tells them the truth. Like the great Athenian philosopher, he falls a victim to the jealousy of those to whom he would fain extend the hand of relief.

Boëthius lived in the former part of the sixth century. Under Theodoric, the Gothic emperor, he filled the chief offices of state. For years he was held in high esteem; but his brilliant talents, unsullied virtue, and transcendent fame, proved no security in that age of superstition. Under a false charge of treason, he was committed to prison at Pavia; and, after being kept in long suspense, was strangled by order of his quondam friend, the emperor. With him, the Roman nation and language may be said to end. He 'was the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged as their countryman.' With a mind active, vigorous, refined by study and contemplation, deeply imbued with the spirit of the old classic authors, he stood forth, the greatest scholar of the age. He possessed a nicely-balanced mind, which could adapt itself to all circumstances and pursuits. He united, in a

peculiarly happy degree, the character of the poet, the statesman, and the philosopher. Notwithstanding his eminent services to the state, he devoted much time to literary pursuits. While locked up in that fatal dungeon, and awaiting the last summons, he composed his most elaborate work, 'The Consolations of Philosophy;' combining, in a small compass, the essence of all his previous acquisitions, which all succeeding ages have delighted to study. 'The last of the classic writers,' says the eloquent Hallam, 'in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers, and mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in the swan-like tones of dying eloquence.' How august his life! How sublime his last moments! What a scene this, for the painter and the poet! A pure-minded philosopher, too spiritual for that gross and sensualized period, far in advance of his age; shut up in a dungeon, on a false accusation, calmly contemplating his relations to this and the future world, in momentary expectation of being called from this scene of suffering to the blissful spirit-land; drawing consolations from the past, the depths of his own soul, and the revelations of God to man; and presenting them, in a suitable form, to be handed down to posterity! Well may Gibbon style the work con-

taining such treasures, produced under such circumstances, '*a golden volume.*'

It contemplates him sitting in his lonely cell, pondering upon the sad reverses which had marked his short life, when a most reverend figure — the personification of Philosophy, and the companion of his youth — visits him, to drive away his despondency, and assuage his sorrows. We have here an abstract of her teachings, embracing gems culled from Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, surrounding the diamond of Christian love, as the central perfection of all excellence. She teaches him the *summum bonum* of life; and cautions him not to trust for happiness in the perishing things of earth, but to look *above* and *beyond.*

It is full of noble thoughts, embellished with all the graces of poetry and eloquence, and appears as a strange light in that age of darkness. It is rendered dearer to us from the fact, that admirable translations have been made by our ancestor, Alfred the Great, and Chaucer, the early English poet. The translation now used was made by Lord Richard Preston, an English nobleman of the seventeenth century. The influence of this work, during the middle ages, was great. It contributed much towards the shaping of English literature; and its truths,

reproduced in modern writers, are still working out their holy mission in the world.

The charge has been often iterated against the middle ages, that they were deficient in mental power. The learned Hallam has seen fit to endorse it. Says he, in his 'Literature of Europe, 'It is the most striking characteristic of the dark ages, that they seem to us still more deficient in *native* than in acquired ability.' If we find that this long period of ten centuries presents no redeeming features to enliven the gloomy picture, we may well call it a 'strange anomaly,' a 'paradox' which baffles every attempt at explanation, in accordance with our notions of the progress of the human mind.

Hallam will indeed admit, that 'two extraordinary men — Scotus Erigena and Gerbert — stand out from the crowd, in literature and philosophy.' But he must have studied the history of this period with little care, who has discovered no other striking manifestations of literary and philosophic talent. Many examples crowd upon our mind. Among these, Boëthius stands first in time, if not in talent. A man that can rear such splendid intellectual fabrics, it is folly to charge with being deficient in native or acquired ability. His 'Consolations' must ever remain,

a monument of the greatness of his mind, as well as the purity of his heart.

Still later, the age of Charlemagne exhibits a brilliant display of literary lights. Alfred, in his numerous productions, manifests a depth and comprehensiveness of thought, a familiar acquaintance with classic and mediæval literature, which should put the blush of shame upon his Yankee posterity, even those within the walls of a New England College. Yet he made all his acquisitions amid the stoutest difficulties. His era was distinguished by many noble scholars. Among these are Scotus, Alcuin, Bishop Theodore, and Beda, the Saxon historian, whose productions are read with avidity at the present day, by those familiar with the language in which they were written. Turner, the Anglo-Saxon historian, in speaking of this age, says: 'The more this subject is studied, the more clearly it will be perceived that there was less difference between the intellectual state of the mass of the people, before and after the Gothic eruption, than is generally supposed.' We believe it is ignorance which leads us to pronounce that age deficient in intellectual power. Let our historians more zealously and minutely examine that fertile field, and this cry of mental imbecility would be less often heard.

Again; if we look into the poetry and mythology of the northern nations, including even those barbarians who overwhelmed Rome, we shall see exhibited, in a remarkable degree, boldness of imagination and vigor of thought. We shall see the workings of genius; rude, untutored, it is true, yet impressing us with majesty and power. Their ingenious system of nature, their fabled world, peopled by those wild giants, — those Gothic heroes and thunder-gods, — that maddened throng by 'fierce Odin' led,

'Panting for rage, as they foam along,'—

the hall of Valhalla, Hela, or Hades; that land of horror, where heroes and

'Gods in many labyrinths roam,'

and drink their wine from the skulls of their conquered enemies, — those gay spirits of the woods, which guarded every rocky cove and haunted every tree; all enveloped in the deepest mystery, yet dressed up in the sweetest romance, — these are the inventions of no ordinary minds. In many respects, the mythology of these old Norsemen surpasses any thing to be found in Greece or Rome; but as they had no Hesiod nor Homer to hand it down to us, clothed in

'immortal verse,' we are less familiar with it. In some modern authors, however, in Shakspeare's 'Hamlet,' the dramas of Öhlenschläger, the 'Frithiof's Saga' of Bishop Tegner, and in numerous specimens preserved by Drake, Turner, and Longfellow, we behold the character of these mythic heroes admirably portrayed.

The Troubadours, the Meister and Minnesingers of this period, were not deficient in the spirit of true poetry. Their subjects were often low and puerile, as might be expected in an age when sensuality was preying upon the vital energies of the spiritual element in man; but they occasionally breathe forth rich effusions of genuine inspiration.

The philosophy of the middle ages is the creation of no weak minds. You may call it a bundle of foolish vagaries, a jargon of absurdities, if you please; but the fact, that this is its character, is sufficient to establish our position. Truth is simple, easily apprehended; and hence moderate talent can form its elements into a beautiful and symmetrical structure. But a system like that of the old scholastics, — deep, subtle, cunning, — can originate only with those possessing exquisite skill, and high and comprehensive intellects. And we find that the origin-

ators of this philosophy, which has baffled the skill of the wisest of modern intellects, were the deepest and most ingenious thinkers of their own or any other age.

Without adducing further instances, we think it will be seen that this period was not wholly deficient even in literature and philosophy. But are these the only elements where the human mind can display its powers? Do we not witness striking manifestations of mental ability in the field and state? in the political contests, the wars and tumults, which characterize this era? It was to these departments that the greatest amount of genius was directed. There were many things, at that time, to keep it from the paths of literature. Owing to the mingling of new and discordant elements, society was in a confused and jumbled state. Hence that spirit of tumult and anarchy, so hostile to the quiet pursuit of letters. Another reason lies in the want of a proper medium to convey thought. The old languages had been lost in the universal ruin which attended the fall of Rome; and the new were yet totally unfit for the systematic expression of thought. The restless minds of this period accordingly sought other spheres of action; and their political manœuvres, their schemes of state policy, their deeds of chivalry

and heroism, certainly evince no ordinary degree of mental ability. The genius of Alfred and Charlemagne shone as conspicuously in the character of conquerors and statesmen, as in that of scholars.

The transcendent greatness of Alfred is displayed in his successful deliverance of England from the Danes, — those 'locusts' of the north, — in the consequent prosperity which he restored to his distracted country, and in that admirable system of jurisprudence, which has since become the basis of English law.

Charlemagne had a wider field to display his powers; and his deeply-laid and comprehensive plans of policy, and the abundant provision which he made for the moral and political necessities of his kingdom, reveal a mind against which it seems foolish to bring the charge of mental imbecility.

The feudal system, for compressing regal and promoting aristocratical power, affords evidence of no ordinary skill. Chivalry could not have had its origin in a nation of numbskulls. Its very nature forbids the supposition. Its duties called forth the noblest powers of the soul; and, arduous and self-denying as they were, they would have found little favor with weak and stupid minds.

The conclusions drawn from the nature of the human mind are in unison with these arguments from facts. The mind cannot remain long inactive. It cannot sink down in listless and torpid indifference, and lie there for ever. Man will, nay,

> 'Must soar;
> An obstinate activity within,
> An insuppressive spring, will toss him up,
> In spite of fortune's load.'

This activity may appear in lawless freedom, in wild theorizing, in vague speculation; but it is not lost. An ever-watchful Providence is leading it on to glorious results. During the middle ages, causes were at work, silently and slowly, but surely, which produced that splendid series of social, moral, and political revolutions, which the last three centuries have witnessed, and which have been fraught with immense blessings to mankind. The mind is constantly progressing, or preparing materials for more rapidly accelerating its progress. While in this latter condition, it appears to be less vigorous, though it may not be so in reality. Thus did it exist during the so-called 'dark ages.' But those ten centuries cannot be blotted out from the calendar of ages. God was then kindling

lights, which now cheer our hearts and encourage us on to action. And ungrateful shall we be, to style that an insignificant and barren period in the great cycle of time.

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

The flowers, that o'er thy bosom lean,
  Are paler than thy roseate cheeks;
Thou art their loved and chosen queen,—
  So all their graceful homage speaks.

Yet faint the glow of outward hues,
  Compared with thy rich, mental light;
Each day thy thoughts their rays diffuse,
  Yet grow each added day more bright.

To wreck a freight so rich as thine,
  In vain time's surging billows roll;
The flowers, that on thy forehead shine,
  Are gathered daily from thy soul.

MALICE AND GOODNESS

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IMMORTALITY.

BY J. M. EDGARTON.

SPRING is called the emblem of immortality, and we need not deal too nicely with a figure so wrought with beauty to the imagination, and so full of promise to the soul. There is a transport in the thought, that the freshness of spring will clothe the morning of the spirit; that death is but the winter of our being, laden with eternal springtide to the soul.

But the earnestness with which we study our own destiny, and torture nature to disclose the secret of our hopes, has torn the flowerets from the grave, to dissect them in the sunshine. We look for the proofs of our renewal; and like the child, who plants the seed, and digs it on the morrow, our curiosity defeats itself. We open the bud instead of moistening the earth, where the root finds nourishment, and the stalk derives its juices.

The only evidence we have .f life is growth.

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IMMORTALITY.

BY J. M. EDGARTON.

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promise to the soul. There [illegible]
the thought, that the freshness [illegible]
be the morning of the spirit [illegible]
winter of our being [illegible]
to the soul.
the earnestness with which [illegible]
ity, and torture nature [illegible]
our hopes, has torn the [illegible]
to dissect them [illegible]
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the nourishment [illegible]
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evidence [illegible]

Fixture predetermines death. If, then, we seek the highest proof of undecaying life, we must look for it in the still consciousness of our being's growth; in the dim memory of the hour when all things lay in the infinitude of our consciousness; when, heedless that we were, we were all, and time and space were identified in ourselves. Whoever seeks may learn, that some moment in his experience this feeling has belonged to him; when the annihilation of all doubt was perfect, and he felt that his being did not subsist, but lived, spontaneously unfolding and uprising; some moment when love, purified by prayer, felt all things in its embrace, and found them not incongruous.

We are all-too conscious, when we pry into the secrets of our destiny. The affairs of the spirit can best be discerned in that passive undulation of the soul, which brings it into equilibrium with the Infinite; as in the voiceless prayer of midnight, or when we gaze into the pure sky from the hill top.

But there is a curiosity which steals upon our unguarded moments, and is inquisitive about the alliance of mind and matter, the disunion and separate continuance of both. Materialism, with its cold instruments of measurement and calculation, draws a diagram of the heavens, takes

from the earth its material forms of organized and inorganic substance, and throws them at our feet. From these, it says, 'Deduce the theory of a future life. The morality of the moralist, the schemes of the theorist, and the spiritualism of the transcendentalist, are alike indifferent to me. I worship the senses. These are tangible as they are destructible. They live upon the substances of the earth, and are buried at last in its bosom.'

But materialism bears its own refutation, when it denies to spirit interminable life. For materialism argues by analogy, and analogy predicates change only, and never annihilation. No particle is destructible. The smallest atom defies the intensity of chemic or electric force to destroy. Endless repetition and constant fluctuation are affirmed of all matter, from the polar star to the puny seed that floats in the breeze; but the elements are powerless to rob creation of a single grain.

Materialism itself boasts of the indestructibility of matter, and owns the multiplicity of its transformations. How, then, deny to spirit what it claims to itself? Does matter take precedence of mind? The apple blossom falls, but the fruit is left; the fruit perishes, and the seed remains; the seed rots, but the germ sur-

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But whence that versatile agent which supports and nourishes the plant, we still may ask, and no analysis of matter can satisfactorily answer? A million crystals may be seen in a square inch of bark, whose tenuity is scarcely perceptible by the naked eye; but no instrument of art can bring to view the subtle element of life. It is an entity, intangible by words, and elusive even of a thought. The return of the sap, and the resuscitation of the plant, are facts of which the senses are cognizant, but of which the reason only can discover a dependence. Aside from the reason then, we have no clue at the method of growth in the plant; and the reason, not the senses, must interpret the scheme of dissolution also. From this it follows, that matter, which is indestructible, has an indestructible counterpart in the substance which pervades it; for thus the reason interprets it.

But destroy, if you will, the secret energy of the plant. Say that one thing in nature has been, and is not; that annihilation comes within the range of possibilities. And, if the reason do not revolt from such a confession, we have made no advance towards annihilating mind. The essential differences between man and the shrub defy analogy. And, though the denial of death to all vitality would necessarily imply the

eternity of spirit, the presumption that the plant or the shrub may perish altogether, leaves the essential proofs of man's immortality the same.

Convince me that mind is immaterial, and, though I were an atheist, I could find no argument for its destruction. Its connexion with a perishable body is the least proof of its mortality. While I write, my body experiences a succession of changes. The matter which yesterday composed it, to-morrow will have passed away. Take away my senses too, and paralyze my limbs; and, if life remains, I have still the consciousness of identity. The same spirit pervades the brain.

This conscious identity of self, and ceaseless agitation of the bodily elements, takes from the probability of their being identical, and leaves body and mind to a different destiny. We cannot think complacently upon a theory that would generate thought by a mechanism of nerves and fibres, or attribute love to a complexity of organized matter. Hope and memory are characteristics of mind. Attenuate in fancy the web they cling to, and it will fade into a vague infinity. A mirror within a mirror repeated to infinity, were too gross a substance to bear the image of a thought.

But let atheism have its way; clothe matter

with the powers of mind, perception, reason, memory, and hope, and immortal matter still proclaims immortal mind. Change stops at dissolution. Beyond the primal atom its visitation cannot go. The solid elementary particle resists its progress, and, upon our present supposition, may be the vehicle of mind to its final destination. Nor is this conjectural merely. The unity of consciousness implies its residence in an indiscerptible atom. And this gains credence from what we know of the destruction of the bodily organs, and the continuance of spiritual identity. This truth admitted then, the singleness of being, and all matter is adventitious. The unity of substance exists to take its modes at pleasure.

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JUDGE AND GOODNESS

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IMMORTALITY.

BY J. M. EDGARTON.

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But the earnestness with which we study our own destiny, and torture nature to disclose the secret of our hopes, has torn the flowerets from the grave, to dissect them in the sunshine. We look for the proofs of our renewal; and like the child, who plants the seed, and digs it on the morrow, our curiosity defeats itself. We open the bud instead of moistening the earth, where the root finds nourishment, and the stalk derives its juices.

The only evidence we have of life is growth.

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BY [illegible]

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ull of promise [illegible]
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But the earnestness [illegible]
own destiny, and [illegible]
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mate positions of his theory. We only insist that, in rejecting the higher proofs of immortality which are entertained by the Christian and the moralist, he be not faithless to the stingy logic which led him to their rejection.

Leaving atheistic ground, we come to another proof of immortality, of some repute in our rationalistic schools, which is based upon a denial of our previous reasoning, and the assumption of a distinct purpose in the creation of man. According to this theory, the destiny of every being is determined by the nature of that being; some natures containing the germs of an immortal growth, while others are born to a speedy annihilation. Man comes under the former class by virtue of his rational and spiritual capacities; but the animal world, with its inferior endowments, works out a limited destiny, and perishes altogether. The atheistic reasoning rests upon the implied necessity that all that is, must continue to be. 'When no cause is given for change, reason leans to continuance.' But the argument of the moralist is based upon the assumption, that reason and the moral sense alone predetermine spiritual independence. He asserts that instinct may reside in systems of matter, but that mind is extraneous of forms.

There is a selfishness in the latter reasoning

which defeats its object. The reason rests more securely in a seeming necessity, than in a plain probability. And if we deny the immateriality of instinct, what ground have we for believing in the immateriality of mind? If bodily organism can produce the degree of mind which we see in the higher order of animals, the delicate network of the human brain may generate a spiritual conception even, and our faith staggers under a selfish inconsistency. But if we grant that the animal has an immaterial part, we have already destined him to immortality; for, by the nature of our minds, we ascribe to all immaterial substance an independent existence.

There was a better theory hinted at, in our ancient philosophy, which made the spiritual life attainable by degrees only, the spirit animating different forms in the different stages of its progress. As our egotism dies away, that philosophy will be renewed in a better form, and a pantheism, such as this life presents us, will be substituted for the atheism of our present belief.

Instinct and mind, as they are contrasted in the ape and the African, the dog and the Greenlander, are terms of designation which suit our prejudices, but are scarcely distinguishable upon a careful analysis. The dog, following his instinct, rescues a friend from drowning, calls aid

to the distressed, or dies upon his master's grave in token of his affection. The Hollander, in obedience to his reason, lives in a state of utter nakedness, and feeds upon the filths that are washed upon the sea-shore. His tenderest passion even, is manifested by a brutality which will not bear description, and disputes the natural ascendancy of man over the beast.

If human nature, in this degraded state, contains the germs of a rational and spiritual culture, how can we deny that the germs of a similar culture may be found in the progressive nature of instinct? The only objection to the renewal of animal being is the supposition, that there is an intrinsic difference between the instinct of the animal and the instinct of man, which precludes the possibility of the former's ever attaining a destination beyond corporeal life. But this is a plain assumption, and obviously contradicted by our best experience. Instinct is capable of cultivation; and if it never attains to the excellence of mind, it only proves that God has created different orders of beings, and given them a different destination here. That instinct of the soul which anticipates order, and beauty, and love, in all the works of God, is a stronger proof, that the confusion and misery of animal existence will be at length

harmoniously adjusted, than the opposite conclusion of the reason, that immortality is attainable by one class of beings only, who have attained to the exercise of reason.

If man inherits a spiritual existence without having experienced a religious feeling or a rational conception, and for no other reason than that the germs of a spiritual existence were given him by nature, one of two conclusions follows. The spiritual world is attainable by mind, without reason or religion, or a change sufficient to transform an instinct into an angel must accompany the transition state. In either case, the claims of instinct are equal; and, in both cases, they are equivalent to the claims of the lowest human natures.

There is a prudish sensitiveness, which shrinks from this open indulgence of the reason, and stands aghast at any conclusion which obtrudes the presence of an instinct upon its fancied world of spirits. Nevertheless, I can dispense with an indifferent friend, better than I can part for ever with my dog; and the dreams of a monotonous being are an incubus to my soul. You admit that God made earth and sea, and all that are in them. You affirm of all matter, that it is of God. Can he who made the dust imperishable make aught ephemeral beside?

Or shall man pronounce upon the works of God, and, with a bold profanity, say this is mean, and that is contemptible?

'No tribute of thanks can exhale from the empty censer of nonentity;
The giver, with his gift reclaimed, is mulcted of all praise.'

In thus dissenting from the theory alluded to, we do not abandon the argument for immortality drawn from the higher endowments of man. We have only relieved it of an odious feature, which is borrowed from our own selfishness. Mind and instinct do not differ. They often meet and intercept; and what we prove for human instinct, is proved for instinct everywhere. From the lowest form of animal organization to the perfection of the human structure, there is a correspondence of instinct and organization, which explains the higher phenomena of mind, as the perfection of the animal and spiritual alliance. And we may look back, as through a long perspective, to the dwindling point of organic life, and find a slow divergence of the lines of being, as they reach unbroken from the instinct to the man.

But, in elevating the animal, we do not degrade the man. Our argument, rightly understood, is not a denial of immortality to the Indian or the idiot; but a denial of the claims of one

instinct over another, based upon a difference of organization solely. Men reason back from the rational to the irrational man, and, by virtue of a common nature, assign to them a common destiny. By a similar right we may reason from the irrational man, to the all-but rational brute, and, by virtue of a superiority in the latter, assign to him an equal destiny with the former. The germinative qualities of instinct are proved to be as high as those of mind, by the very reasoning which makes the instinct of one man equivalent to the intelligence of another.

But man is the best pledge of an immortal life, for he is the nearest approach to a spiritual being. His faculties, in their highest development, open into immortal youth, and predict the unlimited energies of his being. Like the oak that takes root in the earth, and sends forth its branches to the sky, man grovels and aspires by the different tendencies of his nature. But, unlike the oak in its maturity, mind never reaches to perfection. The last development of the soul discloses the germs of a new existence, and immortality is anticipated by the period of the Christian's faith.

The objective evidences of immortality, which we have here alluded to, may serve as foils

against the cavillings of doubt; but leave us uninstructed in the higher problems of the spirit, where demonstration comes of faith. The good man *is*, not *is to be*, immortal. He spurns the logic that confronts his faith, for faith rests upon the intuitive reasonings of the spirit. Dissect the heart to study its emotions, and you explain the folly that interrogates faith with a low inquisitiveness. There is but one question in all our philosophy, which the soul in its highest moods alone can answer. Is there or is there not a *God*. Whoever, by the aid of reason, or the intuitions of the spirit, has settled this question for himself, is no longer curious about the details of Providence. He delights in the ever-shifting variety which plays upon the surface of life, and sees that, by a beautiful necessity, God is present in all his works, to enliven and to love.

Christianity, with its beautiful hopes and urgent warnings, comes like a refreshing summer to the soul, in this, the happy period of its regeneracy. Like an angel from the briny deep, she rises upon the dark bosom of the Past, with a look of serene and heavenly beauty. Her garments have trailed upon the floor of the deep, and her white arm wrestled with the monsters of the sea; but she appears again to our spiritual

fancy, in the snow-white beauty of her infant innocence, untainted by a single touch.

Science and philosophy have sought to test the divinity of her nature, and each in turn has been subdued by her gentle despotism unto a holy alliance. They are now the handmaids of her truths, in voluntary subjection. For, in plying nature with a curious eye, and searching the soul for its hidden essence, the unexpected sallies of the spirit have caught the conception of an Infinite Presence, and all things are redeemed before it, as the symbol of translucent love.

From the All, which thus embraces us, the individual is born anew, and beholds, in the perfection of humanity, the meagre type of God. He reviews again the history of the Past, and sees a providence in all its pages. Conspicuous, as the central figure of the whole, stands the form of the risen Christ. With an eye turned heavenward, and his foot resting upon the tomb of his triumph, he appears to us after a life of the spirit, in the beautiful and appropriate symbol of its renewal. We gaze once more upon the tomb; but behold it now dismantled of its terrors! Immortality, like a dream of childhood, has settled upon our souls, in all the fulness of a reality.

A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

WHILE Love with costly tribute hails the year,
  And Friendship bears its gift of gems and gold,
In the mild presence which I hold most dear,
  What priceless treasure shall my hands unfold?

Were pearls of matchless purity mine own,
  Had I a draught from youth-restoring spring,
Or source of gladness to thy heart unknown,
  How would my spirit bound the prize to bring!

Not one of these fair things attends my lay;
  Casket and jewel has my fate denied;
I can but bless thee on this festal day
  In simple rhyme unto no wealth allied.

Thou know'st not from what depths these blessings rise,
  And wishes light-winged as the breath of morn;
Within my heart of hearts one fountain lies
  Deepest and stillest, — *there* these thoughts were born!

I bless thee for the past, the love and care
  Which led me onward through a vale of flowers,
Gathered and scattered by thy hand with prayer,
  That brighter still might be the coming hours.

The future with thy destiny inlaid, —
  If to my prayer acceptance shall be given, —
Will open with no semblance of a shade,
  To mar the sunshine of thine earthly heaven!

THE SICK ROOM.

THE PLACE AND THE PERSONS.

BY HENRY BACON.

'Thou art like starry, spiritual night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations which the common light
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
All outward life. Be welcome, then, thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.'

MRS. HEMANS' '*Sickness Like Night.*'

I DO not now hold a pen pointed for romance or poetry, but for utility; and yet utility of the Christian cast, that equally embraces the exercise of the taste and the imagination. I do not intend a disquisition on the gases of the atmosphere, nor upon dietetics, nor a lecture upon nurses. And yet if I do touch those matters, it will not be by authority of a diploma, or in the technicalities of the cabinet, but passingly; as common sense ought to prompt us to see their

relation to health and cheerfulness, more readily than we do.

The Sick Room is common enough; but I wish to idealize it. Yes, I confess it, I wish to treat of it *transcendentally;* to have more of the soul there, and less that is overpowering to the senses. I want the air redolent with the sweets of sympathy and thought, that, even if the outward being *must* perish, the inward may be renewed day by day. I want fair play given to the recuperative energies of body and mind.

There is a great improvement in our times, in reference to idealizing the burial-place, the grave, and the tomb. It is wise to do so; to plume faith and hope by all outward means, that we may endure as seeing the invisible good. To contrast one of our common, rocky, sandy, barren, uneven, country grave-yards, with such a place as Mount Auburn, or Greenwood, or Laurel Hill, is, seemingly, to take up barbarism and civilization, — a land without hope and a nation of Christians. It is well to give to such places all the beauties of taste and art; to incline nature to be kindly there, in the fruitage of flower and plant; and to teach the graceful tree to bend its pliant branches, to roof the sacred spot where lies the precious dust. We want the symbolry of hope, of aspiration, of

unquenched and unquenchable faith; and not merely the emblems of blasted promise and the desolations of death. How beautifully touching is that marble monument, 'To My Sister,' at Laurel Hill, where the pitcher lies broken at the fountain! A thousand times has that sculpturing of Scripture been present to my mind since I gazed upon it; and every time my musing is the same in its hopefulness. The *pitcher* is broken at the *fountain;* but the breaking of the pitcher did not stop the springing waters. The soul lives on, though the body that brought it to us is laid away in ruins. I brought away *a thought* from Laurel Hill, sweeter than its flowers, — more precious than its marble. And so with that Christian device that threw the wreath of roses around the broken column; that once, unwreathed, told only of interrupted life — of disappointment — of every thing saddening; — but now speaks of hope, that sings and smiles above ruin and decay. A friend, in kindly conveying me from one attraction to another, in Springfield, in the depth of winter, turned the course of his rapid steed through the cemetery there; and I was charmed with the sight of one jet of water throwing its fulness up into the sunlight, while pillars of ice only told where other springs had been playing. I could not

help hailing it as 'a thing of life!' it seemed so cheerful, so happy, so brave, amid all wintry desolation. It quickened Christian thought. It really warmed me, by the vigor of mind which its ideal character imparted. On went our gallant steed, swift as an arrow; but for a while I seemed to be in the centre of the universe, and that brave fountain, amid its frozen brothers, was playing there, like something that would not think of death, through the strong instinct of immortality. I could have hoped for any thing grand and noble then. My soul expanded, as the pinions of the eagle, for a daring flight; when he measures with precision all opposing forces, and soars above them all with kingly strength. Such is the power of a thought; and such, too, is the power of an outward object to give a refreshing thought to the mind. In my world that fountain is still playing,— God's minister to me; an immortal idea, 'a thing of beauty,' and 'a joy for ever.' The next Sabbath I preached; and, ere I knew it, it was playing in the church, and its glittering spray made the Scripture I was using more eloquent to the people. Thought — buoyant, hopeful, Christ-like thought — is our greatest need. Thought that will, with the divine majesty of mind that 'becomes the throned monarch better than his crown,' stand

by the open tomb, and say, as Jesus said to the sisters of Bethany: 'Thy brother shall rise again!' Oh, voice of triumph in the halls of desolation, that meets no echoing mockery, but is answered from every covert for sound, '*Rise again!*'

The Sick Room, like the grave, must be. Necessity is upon us. Only when we have turned back the lightning to its cloud, and made it harmlessly stay there, can we expect to rid ourselves utterly of that evil. The Sick Room *must* be. We cannot contemplate a residence without it; and for a household to make no arrangements in reference to it, is to have eyes but to see not, and to turn from the voice of human experience everywhere.

I have no sympathy with those who, in their cold philosophy, tell us that all sickness is sin; and that we ought to die as an unplucked rose, faded with only 'aromatic pain.' To make every painful vibration of the nerves to be a throb of the moral conscience is to blend matter and spirit into altogether too close an alliance. A poor man caught an impetuous horse, as he was dashing through the streets of a city, and sadly was he trampled by the wild creature's hoofs. But he had, to all human sight, saved the life of a young female in the chaise; and, when he

leaped to the rescue, it was by the instinctive promptings of ardent sympathy for the endangered girl, and the crowd in the great thoroughfare. Pain racked him, as he lay on his couch in the Sick Room, — for days, it may be for months; but not a throb of an avenging or an accusing conscience was felt. He had committed no sin. And sickness comes as truly without sin many times; though too much, and a vast proportion of all, comes through sinful ignorance, indifference, or indulgence.

The Sick Room has many a martyr to inherited disease, to some chronic complaint, brought on by seemingly the slightest and most harmless of causes; and the relapse that throws the convalescent hopeless upon her couch again, may have been induced by the very means that the best skill dictated for a complete recovery. Away with that foolish babbling that prates of all sickness being sin! Sickness comes as the blindness of that Jew, of whom the disciple said to the Saviour: 'Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' The answer came, that the blindness was not the result of sin, but was ordained that the works of God should be made manifest in him. 'The works of God!' and are they not made manifest in the Sick Room? Indeed they are. The mission of the

invalid is many times of the holiest nature; to bring out in self and in others the pearl from its rough encasement, and well set it in the pure gold of piety. She can send the mind to commune with Him 'who maketh the bed of languishing,' and 'who giveth songs in the night.' The wondrous works of God, in body and mind, are to be made manifest in the Sick Room; and even thou, O weak and helpless one!—thou, with thy sunken cheek and pallid lip, canst 'work the works of God.'

How awe-struck and hushed, to the deepest profound, have I been in the Sick Room! The air has seemed too hallowed to profane by speech, and my eyes have drunk in the holiness of the 'human face divine;' as the pilgrim, at a sacred fount, partakes of the quickening spring. How I have seen life maintain its flame, like the mystic lamp in the sepulchre, that shot its brilliant rays amid the damps of the earthly chamber, that the inscriptions in holy words might be read by the devotee there!

The works of God made manifest!—where, if not in the Sick Room? There thought assumes its diviner form; there sympathy exhibits its most exquisite tenderness; there affection lavishes its affluence, and proves its inexhaustible fulness. There we feel how 'fearfully and won-

derfully we *are* made;' what slight things become the source of mighty changes; and what a mystery is life! God's works are manifest in the heavens and the earth. Copernicus felt this when in his dying hand was placed his immortal work on the revolution of the celestial orbs. Rousseau felt this when he begged to be borne out, that he might die in the presence of holy nature. But there are works of God in the Sick Room, that lift the spirit into sublimer regions, and permit it to expatiate on love immortal; as when Saint Louis died, murmuring from the Psalm, 'I will come into thy house; I will worship in thy holy temple.' God's works in the soul are the most enduring of his mighty deeds. Poor invalid! thou canst work for God, in fellowship with the Master's sufferings; and, when thou diest, leave something better than sad Cowper's last words: 'What doth it signify?'

In one of the late battles in Mexico, an officer in our army, who was shot, retained upon his face, in death, a full beaming smile. Some happy thought was, doubtless, passing through his mind, at the instant when the fatal ball struck him, and left its image on his features. Who would not like to have death visit a friend while the soul was in pleasant musing? And yet how

much of this depends on the Sick Room, the place, and persons!

The place. 'Bear me to mother's room,' said one who fell sick the day of his wife's burial, and was fated to be borne out to the tomb. And why *his mother's* room? Because of its associations. And are we as mindful as we should be of the influence of association in the Sick Room? It hath many times a wondrous potency; for the mind will think, thought will act upon material springs, and outward things will give direction to thought. I remember a day of acute suffering, when I lay in restlessness of body and mind; and sometimes the darting pain would dash the tears to my eyes with irresistible force. I turned my gaze in vacancy about the room, till suddenly it caught sight of a French engraving, — 'Christ bearing the cross, meeting his mother.' How ashamed, in a moment, I did feel for my weakness! The dimming tears passed from my vision, and I gazed entranced on Jesus and his mother. The tears upon her cheek had a sufficient cause; and, oh! those pallid features of Mary's son, — they might blanch under present weakness and prospective agony. I forgot my pain; or, if it made me remember its presence, I felt strong to bear it. The hot brain seemed less burning, and the rack grew soft

beneath the martyr sensibilities. And such is the power of a picture. Such is the power of many things with which the Sick Room is furnished. But too frequently the mind of the sufferer is forgotten, in exclusive regard to the body; and that exclusive regard to the body is many times indiscreet and vain, because the ruling thought, wish, or desire, is not dealt with, to be gratified or changed, as the best interests of the sick one require. Make the Sick Room pleasant, airy, light; or, if darkness be necessary, let 'even the darkness be light about' them; or, as that hymning sufferer, Miss Barrett, has spoken of the gloom of night, 'when we feel our mother's kiss pressing through.' 'Happiness,' it has been wisely said, 'is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.' In the Sick Room every thing should seem, at least, to love us. We do not want any thing so much as love there, — divine love, human love, with its silent sympathy, more eloquent than speech. If God were willing to speak in an audible voice from the infinite, and give me this means of knowing him, to the withdrawal of 'the small rain on the tender herb,' in the secrecy of the stilly night, I would pray for silence. And so with human sympathy. By those little acts, the minutiæ of

a pleasant whole, so undefinable and yet so keenly felt, love speaks best; and many a time, when slumber has fallen upon the sick one, and the busy nurse has noiselessly gone about the re-arranging of the costume of the room, I have thought the feelings of the patient, on awakening, might well be expressed by the sweet lines on the Rain that

> 'loves to come at night,
> To make you wonder, in the morn,
> What made the earth so bright.'

And thus the outward blends in with the recuperative influence of sleep, and keeps up the restoration, by the

> 'balmy bath
> That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
> The various movements of this nice machine,
> Which asks such frequent periods of repair.'

Or, if need be, the outward pleasantness, the mute evidences of watchful ministering love, may banish the direful influence of those dreams that have, 'in their development,' many 'tears and tortures,' but no 'touch of joy.'

'I hope my nurse,' said a young friend, when the qualifications of that useful character were discussed, 'I hope my nurse will not keep a row of vials, a half-dozen tumblers, a little mess

of this thing and that, and a lot of gouty and varnished spoons in my sight; they make *day* hideous.' And so it is. The difference in this respect is wonderful to see. With some you never catch the room in undress; you never hear apologies for this and that outrage on neatness and economy of temper; for they always seem to know the full influence of every object to affect the mind, and they act up to their knowledge. And they themselves are a part of the pleasantness and order; living embodiments of those tender graces which the poet has sung, and the marble exhibited. The eye, the voice, the countenance, the hands, all have been wisely disciplined, and yet they 'show no part of study but the grace.'

A writer, in noticing Miss Martineau's 'Life in a Sick Room,' says, truly, that 'the abundance of alleviations and luxuries which she enumerates as her portion, — the nosegays and flowers, the game, the delicacies, the books, the correspondence, and the sympathy of a large circle of friends, — does not fall to the lot of one invalid in a hundred;' and he fears that 'her reference to them may, perhaps, remind many sufferers of what they lack, and tease them into new discomforts.' This result would be, indeed, a sad perversion of the wisdom of the

book. Because we cannot 'go about doing good' with the miraculous power of Jesus, shall we fail to act upon the same principle of goodness? or if we cannot, in our sickness, have all the alleviations which Miss Martineau had, may we not use the alleviations which we can have, with the same spirit of resolute submission, and may they not perhaps suffice as well?

Few have such wants as she had. Her pastime would be severe labor to others. English literature has given us, as yet, but one Miss Martineau, — a masculine mind divinely wedded to feminine sympathy. Such a book as 'Life in the Sick Room' is given to us that we may catch the spirit of that Life, and not that we may ask after just such a Sick Room, with all 'its nosegays and flowers, its game, and delicacies.' If the Room were granted, many an invalid might find a fulfilment of the Scripture, — 'The letter killeth,' — without discovering that 'the spirit giveth life.' Spirit is the source of all life. It gives it development, character, force, effect. It goes behind the outward seeming of things, and deals with eternal realities. It brings the power that will not let the angel go till the wrestling has ended in a blessing. It rears the mystic ladder; and thoughts, as angels, go to heaven, and come from thence. And when all

outward beauty fades, then spirit proves its mastery, and life is still a glorious thing. It makes the Sick Room the vestibule of heaven, and the air is full of the harmonies of the celestials.

To me something less of the cool reasoning, philosophical habitude of mind, and more of sentiment, were desirable than I meet in Miss Martineau's book; but this only shows that we cannot make the same things to be viewed in the same light by all. But the invaluable lesson of her Life there is, — the resolute effort to bend all things to the sovereignty of mind. Here was a Room for the soul, rather than for the senses; and we are unwise if, when we cannot send 'game and delicacies,' we are unmindful of bestowing such things as we have. In the Sick Room, little things please; we become children there; and I have seen the eye as delighted at the presence of a few flowers, as the astronomer at the revelation of a new planet. I know they may, at times, be ruled out, as impregnating the air injuriously; but they can be granted to the sight, at least. The pleasure afforded by them is of the most exquisite and reviving character. It lives long after the forms that created it are perished. Flowers are the affluence of God's love. To all they come with some happiness, though their power deeply to interest depends

on the degree of poetic instinct possessed by the receiver. To Mrs. Hemans, in her last sickness, they came with veined lessons of pious trust and cheerful hope. 'I really think,' she said, 'that pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often during this weary illness of mine, have I looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has "leaped up" to their dreamy hues and odors, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being.' An unknown personage, evidently a lady of rank, brought to her residence, day after day, such tokens of silent sympathy; and never was her couch unblessed by these dear gifts of our Father. Cheap pictures! but such only He could paint. I ask to see them till the eye waxes dim; and even then I would behold them, as Swedenborg did, when he saw them smile around the portal of heaven, as a child passed through.

Visitors to the Sick Room should go as flowers are carried, — to bless, to cheer, to invigorate the sick or the invalid. Should a flower turn black, it could not more disappoint the receiver, than the changing faces of some friends in the Sick Room. They come and sit by the bedside, with

a perfect gush of sensibility and tears, as though they had no intelligence to prepare them for the change they must witness; and the weak body of the sick one feels the terrible shock of this exhibition of seeming hopelessness. Such have no right to cross the threshold of the Sick Room. It is voluntary inhumanity for them to do so. As well might they speak the language of utter despair, as to look it, and to act it. They are absorbed in self; and, for the same reason that a picture of the 'Inquisition and its Tortures' was put away from the sight of a sensitive patient, these visitors should be excluded—inexorably bowed away till the 'to-morrow' that 'never comes.'

Pleasant and holy books should have voice in the Sick Room, giving the words by which the soul feeds its strength, as with heavenly nutriment. '*Time* will restore the balance,' said a person to a bereaved old man. 'Time *and good thoughts*,' replied the mourner, as he turned away to more congenial minds. And this qualification given to the common exalting of the renovating power of mind, needs to be remembered in the Sick Room. Good thoughts have, indeed, a wondrous power to heal and strengthen; and happy the spirit that can say as David did, 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy com-

forts delight my soul.' 'How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! How great is the sum of them!'

And here I must pause; for to advance farther is to enter the province of theology, which would be out of place in these pages. Yet I may commend the distinct recognition of Christian faith and hope in the Sick Room. A mind at peace with its eternal relations best places the body within reach of remedial means to restore its wasted powers; and no alleviations to sickness which wealth, or art, or taste can bring, can compensate for the absence of that blessing which Mrs. Hemans so gratefully acknowledged:—'The tenderness and the affectionateness of the Redeemer's character was now a source, not merely of reliance, but of positive happiness to her,—*the sweetness of her couch.*'

THE GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

It was a pleasant morning, a few years since, when I went upon Bunker Hill to see them lay the cap-stone of the monument. It ascended without parade or tumult. As it was placed upon the high summit where it shall rest so long, the rising sun saluted it; but it gave no answering music. Motionless and perfect rose that granite finger, pointing upward from the hero's sod. It stood upon the green spot of memorial, amid the graves of the fathers, and the homes of the children. The morning mist hung over the peopled city; the husbandman had scarcely commenced his toil on the distant hill-side; when it rose, as it were, a being of a by-gone generation, — who has no more labor to perform, who speaks not, who moves not, — dedicated to the sanctities and full of the spirit of the *Past;* and yet, from its peaceful home, with the clouds and the storms around it, or with the sunlight

bathing its forehead, looking ever with a calm and solemn face upon the *Present*, and beholding the changes that pass over the waves of life that break and mingle far below. And it seemed to me that it was not unmeet that structure should be finished in the early morning, and with the rising sun. It was the early morning of freedom when our fathers labored. It was the rising sun they saw through the dimness of their dying vision. Not unmeet was it that it should be crowned without shouts or music, in silence. The roar of the battle has passed. This is an offering of peace; and we will leave it to tell its own story, with its stony lips, to a thousand years.

I am a peace-man. Every day's reflection causes me more and more to loathe war, and to disapprove of all that is calculated to excite the sentiment of war, or to glorify it. But I think now, as I thought then, that yonder monument may well stand where it does, and may be honored by those who discard the weapons and the trophies of blood, and whose faces and hearts are turned towards, and are yearning for, the millennial future. For *what* does that monument commemorate? It surely does not stand there as a mere specimen of art. It bears no polished carvings, no sculptured glories. The

devotee of Grecian temple and Roman tomb will not linger there to gratify his taste. The rough and simple column, symmetrical enough, will not compare with these, nor with the voiceless sphinx and colossal pyramid. Poetry may kindle there; but it shall be with a nobler theme than that of *art*. Eloquence may there catch inspiration, but not from classic memories.

Neither, again, is it a manifestation of American pride, — that narrow, local pride which, perhaps, might better be termed vanity. It is not the expression of a gladiatorial triumph, — a sculptured rejoicing, because we have beaten a mighty nation. It shall not stand there to pamper a boastful spirit, or as a trophy of insult to other men.

And, once more, that monument is not the mere landmark of a battle. It stands not because strife was there; because that hill was veiled in cannon-smoke, and drenched with fraternal blood. It is not to perpetuate unchristian passion, nor to glorify suffering and death, that it has been reared. It is destined to stand in future ages, — golden ages, we trust, — when a world-wide philanthropy shall take the place of a narrow hatred, when local features shall be absorbed in the manhood of the race, and the mild reign of Love shall come. For what, then, does that

monument stand, for which the Christian and the lover of humanity may honor it? It stands to commemorate a PRINCIPLE, — a great and good principle. That principle is the right of all men to be free! Inasmuch as that battle-field was the test of this principle, it is a sacred spot. Inasmuch as the men who fell there sacrificed for that principle, they are to be held in grateful recollection. That monument is a landmark of human progress, standing out among the ages. Future generations shall say of it: 'Here, this old grey stone, now scarred by the north wind, and stained by the summer rains, was erected by the men of a distant time, to bear to others the memorial of a great victory; the victory of humanity, of truth, of right, over error and wrong. Here a great principle had its development. That principle had long been kindling in the hearts of men; it had long murmured and threatened; but here it broke out at last, in clear manifestation. We honor that principle: the *form* in which it appeared is secondary.'

Some truths are written out, as it were, on the sky, in the serene stars. Some are swathed in the whirlwind, and cradled in the earthquake. Yet each is a truth, and, as such, is to be valued. So upon yonder hill; the doctrine of human

freedom, sung by poets and preached by bleeding martyrs, took another form, and came in the shouts of strong men and the lightning of the war-storm. That principle triumphed! Yonder was the spot of one its greatest efforts. The monument that perpetuates it is, therefore, a landmark of human progress. For this let that high grey pile stand. The sheaves of our industry shall whiten around its base. The extent of our progress, stretching far and wide through the land, shall be seen from its summit. Our children shall look up to it with a sweet and reverent awe. Good men shall lay their bones to rest beneath its shadow. The spires of our sacred temples shall stand around it for ever.

But I have introduced this topic merely as an illustration to the main theme of the present article. That monument, I have said, stands to commemorate a great principle. But that is not the only way in which a great principle is commemorated. That hill is not the only spot on which a great and good principle has been acted out. *He who acts uprightly, who is true to God and his own soul, also acts out a great principle: and the influence he leaves behind him is* THE GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT; not graven on stone, not piled up in marble pomp, but left on the souls of men, cherished in the better moments of

humanity, named in connection with sacred things, approved of God!

This, then, is the truth that I would now make prominent, — that he who lives a good life, however narrow and obscure his sphere, leaves behind a noble monument, a blessed memory. Let no one consider this a light thought. There is a kind of stoicism which causes a man to say, — 'It matters little what others think of me, when I am dead, — I shall not know it in the silence of the grave.

> 'The right ear that is filled with dust,
> Hears little of the false or just.'

Now it is true that with fleshly ears we shall not hear the epitaph men will give us, nor with mortal vision see what regard they pay to our memory. The grave is quiet enough, so quiet that the heart which, sick and weary, went down to its rest, heeds not the love that weeps like April rain above it, or the hatred that invents malicious lies to blacken its very ashes. The dead sleep calmly; waiting, as it were, until, through the surges of human life that break above them, and the changes of nature that shake their dust, the trumpet of the resurrection shall sound, and immortality flash like the golden gates of morning. They know no more of the

voices that talk about them, of the recollections that honor or condemn them, than they do of the spring verdure and the autumn glory, that come and go upon their resting-places. And yet who would be careless of what men shall say concerning him, when he is gone? It marks an indifference to the affection of others, a singular individuality and selfishness, for one to say, — 'I care not what memory I leave behind me!' We do not live to ourselves. Our obligations reach out to others; and, in passing through this world, we are to see to it, that others are the better for our having lived here. But if we have gone through life heaping up personal gain, working for sordid ends, we cannot feel that we have benefited the world any. We do not leave behind us any blessed memory. We may leave a heap of shining dust, a recollection of gainful labor. Men may say of this or that one, — 'Oh! he died rich,' or 'He was a great man!' — but our names will not be cherished in the hallowed places of the human heart. When the memory of any one is thus cherished, is truly loved, it is not for his wealth, nor his fame, but for his excellence, for the affection that was in him. Even with our dearest friends, the maxim, 'Say nothing of the dead but that which is good,' becomes practical from that spontaneous analysis of the

human heart, which separates what was good in the being to whom it was attached, from the imperfect and the wrong, and remembers the former only.

Individual considerations should cause us to be careful of the memory that we leave behind us. In the hour of death, as we look back upon the years that are now closing, will there come no visions, no voices? Will they not be visions of pleasure or pain, voices of approval or rebuke? And if our lives have been all sordid and selfish, will our own memory be blessed even to ourselves? No, it will fill us with bitterness and agony! But, on the other hand, if we have lived just and loyal lives, have filled our day and generation with good, lived out all our duty man-ward and God-ward, then will brightness fall upon the dark way that opens before us, soothing voices will speak in our ears, tender hands will be laid upon our brows.

Moreover, besides the hour of death, there frequently occur times when we are abstracted from extraneous action, and have, as it were, a memory of ourselves. Conscience is that memory; and its approval then is worth whole years of toilsome duty.

And who can say, after all, that we shall not know what is said and thought of us, when we

have gone from the earth? In the mortal state we know not the immortal; but in the immortal, we may know the mortal. The glorious summit broods indistinct and unknown to us, while we toil through the valley; but when we stand upon it, we shall see not only before and around us, but survey the path that we have already trodden. When the glass of our mortality, through which we now see darkly, is shattered, the greater glories need not obscure the lesser, but illustrate them. Who shall say, then, that the departed do not look upon the scenes with which they once mingled, that they do not still know what is said and done in the sphere from which they have vanished? And if they know the influence of their righteous deeds, happy are they.

But there is not only this individual consideration. We are bound by tender ties to others, and this thought should make us careful what memory, what monument, we leave behind us. They *must* love us. Few depart from life with no heart throbbing after them. Desolate indeed is that tomb upon which fall the winter-snows and the summer-rain, but no tears! The name forgotten, the void unnoted, the memory lost! Few, I repeat, do thus depart. Something links them, at some point, with the humanity they

leave behind them. And what must be the feeling of a bereaved heart, to hear the memory of its departed justly spoken against? To know that if they are not hated, they are not loved; that not one soul sighs for them, — not one tear is shed. For the sake of the loved whom he leaves behind him, then, let no one despise the memorial which others shall rear to him.

But these, after all, are selfish considerations; and it may be said that this anxiety to secure good speech among men, after we are gone, is comparatively a low and worthless motive. That which men commend is often superficial, and of little true value. Good nature, perhaps, or rigid integrity, or hospitality, or it may be simply wealth or talent, will often suffice to insure a good epitaph, and a decent, if not extravagant, memorial.

But I would have no one solicitous to leave a good memory behind him, merely because he will thereby secure the praise of men. I would not have him indifferent to this; because such indifference paralyzes all good and great action, and indicates carelessness of conduct. Therefore have I recommended such solicitude, for his own sake, and the sake of those with whom he is connected. But let us care what memory we leave behind us, not from any mere selfish con-

sideration, but because such a memorial is the testimony to a good life, and, in the end, always follows a good life. Worthy men, no doubt, have gone out of the world execrated, — have long lain dishonored in their tombs; but such have always had a blessed memory; blessed with those who knew them best, — who had true sympathy of soul with them; blessed in the sacred influence they have left behind them. And God has been for them. And angels sit by their tombs, to tell us they have risen. These preferred the doing of duty to the praise of men, though they wrought with no reckless indifference to their own fame. And, execrated though they may have been, a noble monument stands for them. Grant that they died even the felon's death; that the iron heel of tyranny trampled them down; that their spirits went out amid the martyr's flame and the people's curse; the measure of truth and holiness they have wrought retains a latent memorial for them. And not always have they lain under darkness. Each name, at last, has come out brighter from the cloud, a star for the distant ages. The spot where they fell has become hallowed. Their principles have triumphed; and in this triumph have been reared their monuments. Never was there a truly great and good man who has

always been scorned. So soon as the truth and beauty of his life have come in contact with the heart of humanity, an open verdict has been rendered for him.

And even if he be an obscure man, his memory shall be blessed. He goes not from the earth without being mourned. Some one speaks well of him. And the loud-mouthed accusation and the shrewd suspicion are found to be slander at the last. But whether the good man be great or obscure, it is not, after all, in the consciousness or the acknowledgment of other men that he has his memorial, so much as intrinsically in the influence he imparts. I repeat, *the good man's monument is the influence he leaves behind him!* Every thing has an influence, whether it be an atom or a star. So has every man. And the good man's influence is seen and felt in the conduct of his children, in the lives of those with whom he has associated, in the recollection of his example, in some good deed he did in the secrecy of friendship and charity, or on the wider theatre of public action. Drop a stone into the water. See the narrow ripple that spreads out from it. Lo! another and wider, another and yet wider, and thus they stretch abroad. Where do they stop? Who can set bounds to them? They shall break in

billows yet upon some distant shore! So it is with moral influences. The least act of a good man runs on and strengthens for ever. And every expanding circle of love and truth enriches and perpetuates a memorial of him.

This, then, leads us to a solemn and impressive truth. That we all have an influence, and all do leave behind us a monument! It is an inevitable result. I said, in the commencement, that upon yonder battle-field was developed a great and good principle. But not there alone are principles contended for, and lost or won. Every place where a man acts, — his sphere of labor, sin, pleasure, devotion, — is the arena where a principle, either good or bad, is developed. Our workshop, or counting-room, or farm, or study, our place of action wherever it be, is that sphere. And there, as we do good or bad, shall each of us leave a monument!

Yonder granite shaft! It shall stand long ages after we are dead, unless some convulsion of nature shatters it, — unless God otherwise wills. Generations that know us not will gather around it. The peals of laughter, the roar of wheels, the hum of voices, like the sound of the ever-heaving sea, will break beneath it. And we shall be forgotten! But our influence, however small or obscure, will live. And then, may

ours be the memory of the just, — the monuments of the good!

The Good! no matter who they were, or where they lived. They were great, perhaps, loved, powerful. Perhaps they were obscure, humble, laborious. Coarse-clad, it may be, they lived. When they died, few feet followed them, and they were laid in lowly tombs. They went out from the abode of poverty, the place of toil, the house of prayer. In their lifetime we passed them by, and knew them not. No matter. They have left their monuments. In the fields where they labored, in the streets where the shimmering noontide finds them no more, in the homes of their affection and their piety, in a thousand places where they moved and wrought, there stand those monuments; the monuments of their mortal life; the memorials that suggest and perpetuate them to other men. But their spirits are even now with Christ and with God! In no memorial of earth do they chiefly rejoice; but rather because their names are written in heaven.